THE HOURS OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Luisa Piccarreta

The Little Daughter of the Divine Will

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Rev. Joseph Leo Iannuzzi, STD, Ph.D.

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INTRODUCTION

Luisa's appointed extraordinary confessor and *censor librorum* St. Hannibal of Francia affirms that Luisa's meditation on Jesus' Passion constitutes a "new method" and "totally new approach," which Luisa was the first[1] to introduce to the Church, as it offers reparations that "extend and multiply themselves to infinity." Indeed, Jesus reveals to Luisa that as the soul meditates the "Hours of the Passion" that he dictated to her, it assumes his own humanity,[2] intercedes for souls,[3] offers the Father reparation and satisfaction,[4] and averts his Divine Justice.[5] Such a soul procures "new graces,"[6] a "new life of grace"[7] and all the goods that Jesus desires.[8]

The Luisian method of meditation is one of attentively and contemplatively assimilating the Lord's Passion into one's own life.[9] It is not simply the act of recalling the sufferings of Jesus as something that occurred 2,000 years ago in a far away land; rather, it is primarily an act of the human will entering into the Divine Will, in

[1] L. Piccarreta, volume 11, November 4, 1914.
[2] Ibid., vol. 11, April 10, 1913.
[3] Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.
[4] Ibid., vol. 11, November 4, 1914.
[5] Ibid., vol. 11, September 6, 1913.
[6] Ibid., vol. 11, November 4, 1914.
[7] Ibid., vol. 7, November 9, 1906.
[8] Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.
[9] Ibid., vol. 12, October 24, 1918.

which the lives of all creatures are present to us and "in act."[10] Admittedly, Luisa uses the old scholastic expression "in act" to convey the timelessness of Jesus acts and sufferings on behalf of all creatures. By this she intends that the human being's participation in Jesus' interior life and sufferings may be present, concurrent and concomitant within each one of our acts, whereby we repeat his life in us, recover his "likeness"[11] and, filling ourselves with God,[12] communicate to all generations the infinite value, merits[13] and effects of his Passion. Jesus reveals to Luisa:

"To repeat in the soul My Passion in act, is different from one who only thinks of My pains and pities them. The former is an act of My own life [in the Divine Will that the soul accomplishes], which takes My place and repeats My pains, whence I feel requited for the effects and the value of a divine life. [The latter,] in thinking of My pains and in offering Me pity, permits Me to experience only the soul's company. But do you know in whom I may repeat the pains of My Passion in act? In the soul who possesses My Will as the center of its life. My Will alone is one act without succession of acts. This single act is as though fixed to one point which never moves, and this point is eternity […] Now, the soul who lives in My Will possesses this single

[10] Ibid., vol. 11, September 21, 1913.
[11] Ibid., vol. 11, April 23, 1916.
[12] Ibid., vol. 11, March 24, 1913.
[13] Ibid., vol. 11, April 10, 1913.

act, and there is no wonder that it takes part in the pains of My Passion as if they were in act".[14]

As Jesus' humanity lived in the Father's Eternal Will[15] and embraces the divine acts of all humans, the soul that piously meditates these hours, "re-enacts" what Jesus "did during his mortal life" and what he does "In the Most Blessed Sacrament" of the Eucharist. To Luisa Jesus relates:

"These hours are the most precious of all, because they are nothing other than the re-enactment of what I did in the course of My mortal life, and what I continue to do in the Most Blessed Sacrament. When I hear these Hours of My Passion, I hear My own voice, My own prayers. In that soul I see My Will - that is, wanting the good of all and making reparation for all - and I feel drawn to dwell in her, to be able to do what she herself does within her interior. Oh, how I would love that even one single soul for each town did these Hours of My Passion! I would hear Myself in each town, and My Justice, greatly indignant during these times, would be placated in part."[16]

As the soul assimilates itself to Jesus' Passion, it progressively[17] embraces all creatures of all centuries[18] - through the aforementioned ability to bilocate in creation -

[14] Ibid. vol. 18, October 24, 1925.
[15] Ibid., vol. 11, March 24, 1914.
[16] Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.
[17] Ibid., vol. 12, July 4, 1917.
[18] Ibid., vol. 14, October 19, 1922.

and restores to creation the divine harmony.[19] Here the soul "co-redeems"[20] with Christ with his own Divine Will in an eternal dimension between heaven and earth[21] that embraces all creatures of the past, present and future. By this means, the soul that meditates the hours vicariously immolates itself through, with and in Jesus for the sins of humanity, and acquires "the merit as if all were saved."[22] Inasmuch as the soul of Jesus' Blessed Mother was unceasingly united with Jesus' soul through a continuous bilocation, the soul that mediates these hours re-enacts what Jesus' mother did on earth as well.[23]

Furthermore, meditation on the hours of Jesus' Passion benefits the reader: *"The sinner will turn to God, the imperfect will become perfect, the saint will become holier, those who are tempted will find victory, and those who are ill will discover strength, medicine and comfort."*[24] Indeed, through the meditation of these hours the soul attains the grace of "strength" to overcome all weakness.[25]

Additionally, these hours influence and accompany all souls that pass through purgatory and enter heaven, as *"there is not a soul who enters purgatory without carrying the mark of the Hours of the Passion… and there is not a*

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[19] Ibid., vol. 12, May 16, 1917.
[20] Ibid., vol. 11, November 6, 1914.
[21] Ibid., vol. 12, June 10, 1920.
[22] Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.
[23] Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.
[24] Ibid., vol. 11, October 13, 1916.
[25] Ibid., vol. 13, October 21, 1921.

soul who flies into heaven, without being accompanied by these Hours of the Passion."[26] And if the soul's domestic obligations do not allow it to continuously and attentively meditate these hours, it may "substitute" the disposition of its good will with that of Jesus to "continuously" meditate them, and to intercede for the salvation of all souls.[27]

On October 1914, Luisa relates: "I was writing the Hours of the Passion and I thought to myself: How many sacrifices it has cost me to write these beloved *Hours of the Passion*, especially to write down on paper certain interior acts that had passed only between me and Jesus. What reward will He give to me? Letting me hear his sweet and tender voice, Jesus said to me:

'My daughter, as a reward for having written the Hours of My Passion, for each word you have written, I will give you a kiss – a soul.'

And I: 'My Love, this is for me; but what will you give to those who will meditate on them?' Whence Jesus replied:

'If they meditate on these Hours together with Me and with My own Will, I will give them a soul for each word they recite. For the greater or lesser efficacy of these Hours of My Passion is measured by the greater or lesser union that they have with Me [while meditating on these Hours]. In meditating on these Hours with My Will, the

[26] Ibid., vol. 12, May 16, 1917.
[27] Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.

soul conceals itself within My Will, and since it is My Will that is operating [in the soul], I can [through this soul] engender all the blessings I want, even through one single word. I can do this each time the soul meditates on these Hours.'

Another time I was complaining to Jesus, because after so many sacrifices in writing these Hours of the Passion, very few souls were reading them. And he answered:

'My daughter, do not complain — even if there were but one, you should be content. Would I not have suffered My whole Passion even if only one soul were saved? It is the same for you. One should never omit good because few avail themselves of it; all harm awaits those who do not take advantage of it. And just as My Passion made My humanity acquire the merit as if all were saved, as My Will was to save everyone — although not all are saved — I received merit according to what I desired [to accomplish], and not according to the profit souls would draw from it. The same applies to you: You will be rewarded according to how your will was united with My Will in wanting to do good to all.'[28]

Because each act of Jesus' Passion produced a light within his humanity, each thought of the soul on his Passion causes that same light to invest it,[29] and perfect

[28] Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.
[29] Ibid., vol. 11, April 23, 1916.

within it God's likeness.[30] Lastly, the angels that administered to Jesus during his Passion assist the soul that meditates on the Hours of the Passion.[31] Vestiges of this grace of participating in Jesus' timeless Passion are discovered in the writings of scores of contemporary Mystics and exemplars that bear witness to their having received the gift of Living in the Divine Will.

+ Rev. Joseph Leo Iannuzzi, STD, Ph.D.

[30] Ibid., vol. 12, June 10, 1920.
[31] Ibid., vol. 11, October 12, 1916.

INTRODUCTION

The History of this Publication

In 1882, after having written her Christmas Novena at the age of 17, Luisa had an unexpected vision of the infant Jesus who invited her to aspire to a higher level of grace and love. He exhorted her to meditate each hour of the day upon the corresponding 24 hours of his Passion and death on the Cross. She did this on a daily basis, and 31 years later – in 1913 and 1914, Luisa was placed under obedience to write down these meditations, now known as, "The Hours of the Passion".

Rev. Hannibal di Francia published this work in 4 editions with the name, "The Hours of the Passion". The 1st edition published in 1915 produced 5,000 copies; the 2nd edition published in 1916 produced 2,000 copies; the 3rd edition published in 1917 produced 10,000 copies; the 4th edition published in 1924 produced 15,000 copies. All of these editions bore the *"nulla osta"* and the *"imprimatur".* To the 3rd and 4th editions Rev. Hannibal added an appendix with the title, "Little Treatise on the Divine Will", comprised of various extracts of Luisa's volumes in chapter form.

Upon Rev. Hannibal's death in 1927, the work was taken up by Luisa's last appointed confessor Rev. Benedict Calvi who published in 1934 a 5th edition of this work entitled, "The Hours of the Passion" that bore the *"nulla osta".* Rev. Calvi was preparing a 6th edition when the translation of the 5th Italian edition was published in German and was edited by Rev. Ludwig Beda, O.S.B.,

thereby producing the two more editions of this work (in German) that bore the *"imprimatur"*. The 1st edition in German published in 1936 produced 25,000 copies, and the 2nd edition in German published in 1938 produced 30,000 copies.

After German, translations in many other languages followed, nearly all being translated from the 5th Italian edition that you presently hold.

Preface by St. Hannibal di Francia

(October 29, 1926 - Messina, Italy)

I begin by citing a letter sent to me by the author (of the Hours the Passion, Luisa Piccarreta):

“Most Reverend Father, I am finally sending you the text of the Hours of the Passion, and all for the glory of the Lord. I am also including another sheet containing the benefits, merits and promises of Jesus to all who meditate on these Hours of the Passion... The sinner will turn to God; the imperfect will become perfect; the saint will become holier; those who are tempted will triumph over temptation; those who are ill shall discover the necessary medicine to be strengthened and comforted; the weak will be spiritually nourished...”

What can we say about how great this tool would be for each religious community to advance in holiness, maintain its purpose, increase in the number of its vocations and obtain true prosperity? It would tell of how much commitment each community ought to have in the constant practice of this pious exercise. And the members of these communities who daily attend Holy Mass would receive Communion with such ardent desire and love for Jesus that each Communion would be a renewed marriage of the soul with Jesus in the most intimate and increasing union of love.

If on account of only one soul doing these hours, Jesus would spare a city of chastisements and would give grace to as many souls as there are words of these sorrowful hours [one meditates], how many graces might a community [or any group of individuals] expect to receive? How many imperfections and omissions would it be healed of, if not preserved from? How many souls would sanctify and save [other souls] through the observance of this pious exercise?

If there were but one soul in each community that would apply itself to observing these hours with more attention during the day, even amidst its daily occupations – in the evening and at night-time with a little bit of vigil… it would be the summit... and the maximum profit for that community and for the whole world, if this exercise were observed by all taking turns, day and night!

Now, how these Hours of the Passion can be done? One method is to meditate one hour each day by reading it alone, with one's family or with others. In this way, in 24 days one would complete the 24 Hours. A good clock never stops, life never stops…

A second method is to form groups, let's say of 4, 8, 12 or possibly 24 people and more. Each person should be committed seriously to doing one of the hours assigned for a period of time, before moving onto the next hour; a good clock marks all the hours, it doesn't skip any of them…

A third method is to do at least one hour each day, at the time of the day which coincides with that hour. In any event, one must strive to reach such familiarity with these Hours of the Passion and assimilate them in such a way that one follows them mentally throughout the entire day. For this purpose it is very helpful to learn by heart the succession of the 24 Hours with the corresponding title reported on the next page.

To "do" an hour of the Passion means to read it attentively, meditating on it, contemplating it and making it one's own life… It is not just remembering and having pity on the sufferings of Jesus as something that happened many centuries ago in a faraway place; rather, it is first of all, to enter into the Divine Will, in which everything is present and in act, and to participate in the interior acts and sufferings of Our Lord, which are present and in act at this precise moment, so as to repeat his life within us, to grow in his likeness, and to pour upon everyone the infinite value, merits and effects of his Passion; Jesus explains this very important difference.[32]

One can comprehend then how the Hours of the Passion are not just a reading, nor even an ordinary devotion, but a formation of life: The interior life of Jesus. In this way, day after day, we will feel more and more that Jesus is truly living in us – not just [mystically living] our life, but [really living in us] his own divine life.

[32] Ibid., vol. 18, October 24, 1925.

INTRODUCTION

Prayer Before Each Hour

O my Lord Jesus Christ, prostrate in your divine presence, I implore your most loving Heart to assist me as I meditate on the 24 hours of your most sorrowful Passion. In your Passion, your love drove You to suffer so much in your adorable body and in your most holy soul, even unto death on the Cross. I implore your help, your grace and your love to have profound compassion and a profound understanding of your sufferings, as I meditate on this hour. I offer You my desire to meditate on all the hours, even on those I cannot observe. Please accept my desire to meditate on all the hours, even when I must sleep or tend to my other duties. O merciful Lord, grant that my loving desire, united to You, may bring your holy blessings down upon us all.

I give You thanks, O Jesus, for calling me into union with You by means of prayer. To glorify You, I unite myself with your thoughts, your tongue and your Heart with which I intend to pray. I fuse myself in your Will and in your love, and extending my arms to embrace You, I place my head upon your Heart, and begin.

Prayer After Each Hour

My beloved Jesus, You have called me in this hour of your Passion to keep You company, and I have come. With the most touching and eloquent words I seemed hear You praying, offering reparation, suffering and pleading in anguish and sorrow for the salvation of souls.

I tried to follow You in everything. Now, I owe You my heartfelt "Thank You" and "I bless You." Yes, O Jesus, I repeat My *Thank You* thousands and thousands of times. And *I bless You* for all that You have done and suffered for me and for everyone. *I thank You* and *I bless You* for every drop of Blood you shed. I *thank You* for your every breath, heartbeat and step. *I thank You* for all the words, glances, afflictions and affronts You lovingly endured; for everything You did, O Jesus, I offer You my *Thank You* and *I bless You*. O my dear Jesus, let my soul send forth a continuous flow of thanksgiving and blessings; may they draw down on all of us the flow of your blessings and graces.

O my sweet Jesus, press me to your Heart and, with your most sacred hands, mark every particle of my being with your "I bless You," so that my being may send forth a continuous hymn of blessings to You.

First Hour

5 PM

Jesus exchanges blessings with his Most Holy Mother before leaving her

O Heavenly Mother, the hour of separation draws near and I approach you. O mother, grant me your love, your reparations and your sorrow. United with you I wish to follow sweet Jesus, step by step.

And here comes Jesus. As He arrives, you run toward him with your Heart overflowing with love. In seeing him so pale and sad, your Heart breaks, you grow weak and you are about to fall at his feet.

O my sweet mother, do you know why adorable Jesus has come to you? He has come to give you his last farewell, to share with you his last words and to receive your last embrace! O mother, I hold you tightly – with all the tenderness my poor heart can express – so that, holding you tightly, I may also receive sweet Jesus' embraces. Surely, you will not refuse me. Does it not comfort your Heart to have a soul near you who shares in your sorrows, reparations and sufferings?

O Jesus, in this hour, so bitter for your most tender Heart, what an example You give us of filial and loving obedience to your mother! What an exchange of sweet harmony between You and Mary! What a gentle

enchantment of love that ascends to the throne of the Eternal One and pleads for the salvation of all souls on earth!

O Heavenly Mother, do you know what sweet Jesus desires of you? He desires your last blessing. It is true that from every particle of your being only blessings and praises flow to your Creator, but in taking leave of you, Jesus wants to hear your sweet words: “I bless You, O Son.” That “I bless You” wards off every blasphemy from his hearing and descends sweetly and gently into his Heart. Jesus wants your “I bless You,” to atone for all offenses committed.

I too unite myself to you, O sweet mother. On the wings of the wind I wish to travel to heaven and ask the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the angels for an “I bless You” for Jesus. In this way, when I go to him I may bring him their blessings. I also wish to travel to all souls on earth and ask for [their] every heartbeat, step, breath, thought, glance and word, and then offer them as blessings and praises to Jesus. And if anyone refuses to grant me these, I myself shall offer him all these.

O sweet mother, I have gone around again and again to ask the Most Holy Trinity, the angels, all souls, the light of the sun, the fragrance of the flowers, the waves of the sea, every breath of wind, every spark of fire, every leaf that moves, the twinkling of the stars and every movement of nature for an “I bless You” [for Jesus]. Now I come to you and add my blessings to yours; dear mother, I see that you are comforted by them, and I offer Jesus all of my

blessings to atone for the blasphemies and curses He receives from others. And as I too offer everything, I hear your trembling voice say: "Son, I ask for your blessing also!"

O Jesus, my sweet love, I ask for your blessing along with that of your mother.[33] Bless my thoughts, my heart, my hands, my works, my steps and, with your mother, bless all creatures. O mother, in looking at Jesus' sorrowful face – so pale, sad and tormented – there awakens in you the memory of the sufferings He is about to endure. You foresee his face covered with spittle and you bless it, his head crowned with thorns, his eyes blindfolded, his body lacerated with the scourges, his hands and feet pierced with nails and you bless them. Wherever Jesus is about to go, you follow him with your blessings.

I too follow Jesus with you, so that when He is struck with scourges, crowned with thorns, slapped, pierced with nails, everywhere He will find my "I bless You" with yours. O Jesus, O mother, I partake in your passion. Immense is your pain in these last moments. The Heart of one seems to replace the Heart of the other.

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[33] The blessing of Mary Luisa asks for is a *maternal blessing*. Noteworthy is the manner in which Mary offered her maternal blessing to Luisa and, indeed, to other seers whose apparitions the Church has approved. Unlike the blessing of a Priest who, in receiving at ordination the special power to consecrate, absolves and blesses both persons and objects by making the sacramental sign of the Cross with his right hand, Mary imparts her blessing to others with a loving maternal prayer, but without making the sacramental sign of the Cross over them.

O mother, snatch my heart from this earth and bind it tightly to Jesus, so that clinging to him, I may share in his sufferings. And as you cling to each other in your embrace and exchange the last kiss and glances, may I who am between your two Hearts receive your last kiss and embraces. Can't you see that I cannot be without you in spite of my misery and insipidness?

Jesus, mother, keep me close to you. Grant me your love and your will. Dart through this poor heart of mine, hold me tightly in your arms so that with you, O sweet mother, I may follow sweet Jesus step by step with the intention of offering him comfort, solace, love and reparation for all offenses. O Jesus, with your mother I kiss your *left foot*, asking You to forgive me and all souls for all the times we have not walked toward God.

I kiss your *right foot*: Forgive me and all souls for all the times we have not followed the perfection You expected of us.

I kiss your *left hand*: Communicate your purity to all of us.

I kiss your *right hand*: Bless all of my heartbeats, thoughts and affections, so that given value by your blessing, these may be completely sanctified. And with me, bless all souls and seal their salvation with your blessing.

O Jesus, I embrace You with your mother and, kissing *your Heart*, I beg You to place my heart between your two Hearts so that it may be continuously nourished

by your love, by your sorrows, by your very affections and desires, and indeed by your own life. May it be so.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Before beginning his Passion, Jesus approaches his mother to ask for her blessing. In this act Jesus teaches us obedience – not just external, but also internal obedience – which we must cultivate in order to requite his inspirations of grace. Sometimes we are not ready to put into practice a good inspiration, either because we are held back by self-love coupled with temptation, or on account of human respect, or because we fail to mortify ourselves in a holy way. Our failure to follow a good inspiration to exercise a virtue, to accomplish a virtuous act, to do a good deed or to practice some devotion, makes the Lord withdraw and deprives us of new inspirations. On the other hand, prompt, pious and prudent correspondence to holy inspirations attracts more spiritual lights and grace for us.

Concerning inspirations, in the cases of doubt, one should turn promptly and with an upright intention to the great means of prayer, and to sound and experienced counsel. In this way, our good God will enlighten our soul to enable us to execute the salutary inspiration and he will increase it for its greater benefit.

We should do our actions, acts, prayers and meditations on the Hours of the Passion with the same intentions as those of Jesus, and we ought to do this in his Will, sacrificing ourselves as He did, for the glory of the Father and for the good of souls. We have to acquire the

dispositions of sacrificing ourselves in everything out of love for our beloved Jesus, conforming ourselves to his spirit, operating with his own sentiments and abandoning ourselves in him. We should observe such things not only in all external sufferings and adversities, but more importantly in all that He disposes in our interior. In this way, we will find ourselves ready in every moment to accept any sacrifice He asks of us, and we will offer our Jesus sweet consolations. If we do all this in the Will of God which contains all sweetness and all joys of immense proportion, we will give to Jesus greater and sweeter consolations, so as to mitigate the poison other souls give him and console his Divine Heart. Before beginning any action of ours, let us always invoke the blessing of God, so that our actions may have the divine touch and may attract his blessings not only upon us, but upon all souls.

Beloved Jesus, may your blessing precede me, accompany me and follow me, so that everything I do may carry the seal of your "I bless You."

Second Hour

6 PM

Jesus takes leave of his Most Holy Mother and sets out for the cenacle

My adorable Jesus, as I have shared in your sufferings along with You and in those of your afflicted mother, I see that You are about to leave and go where the Will of the Father calls You. The love between You and your mother is so great that it renders you inseparable. For this reason You leave yourself in the Heart of your mother, and our queen and sweet mother places herself into your Heart, otherwise it would have been impossible for you to separate.

But your pale face, your trembling lips and your weak voice, almost bursting into tears in saying goodbye, oh everything tells me how much You love her and how much You suffer in leaving her! But to fulfill the Will of the Father, with your Hearts fused together – one within the other – you submit yourselves to everything and offer reparation for those who, unwilling to overcome the bonds, attachments and tenderness of relatives and friends, do not care about fulfilling the Holy Will of God or of corresponding to the state of holiness to which God calls them. What sorrow such souls cause You in rejecting from their hearts the love You wish to give them, and instead indulge themselves in the love of other creatures! You then

bless each other, and You give her the last kiss to strengthen her in the bitter sorrows she is about to endure and, giving her your last goodbye, you leave.

My tender love, as I offer reparation with You, allow me to remain with your mother to console her and sustain her while You leave. Then I will hasten my steps to come and reach You. But to my greatest sorrow, I see that my anguishing mother shivers, and her pain is such that, as she tries to say goodbye to You, her Son, her voice dies on her lips and she is unable to utter a word. She almost faints[34], and in an ecstasy of love, she says: *"My Son, my Son! I bless You! What a bitter separation, more bitter than any death!"* But her sorrow prevents her from uttering one word and leaves her speechless!

Sorrowful Queen, let me sustain you, dry your tears and partake in your bitter sorrows! My mother, I will not leave you alone. Take me with you in these moments that are so sorrowful for you and Jesus, and teach me what I should do – how I am to defend Jesus, offer him reparation and console him and, if I must, give my life to defend his.

[34] Luisa's frequent use of the Italian word for "faint" (*"svenire"*) has a two-fold significance, i.e., *mystical* and *literal*. The *mystical* significance applies to the human soul – either on account of God's divine "touches of union" or the soul's union with Christ's sorrowful Passion – whose faculties of the intellect and memory remain "suspended" without the person "losing" consciousness (St. John of the Cross' address said 'divine touches' and 'suspension' of the soul's faculties in his works, *Living Flame of Love* and *Dark Night of the Soul*).

I will not move from under your mantle. At your word, I will fly to Jesus. I will bring him your love, your affections and your kisses together with mine; I will place them in each of his wounds, in every drop of his Blood and in every pain and insult of his, so that feeling the kisses and the love of his mother in each pain, his sufferings may be sweetened. Then I will come again under your mantle, bringing you his kisses to sweeten your pierced Heart. Dear mother, my heart is pounding; I wish to go to Jesus. As I kiss your maternal hands, bless me as you blessed Jesus and allow me to go to him.

My sweet Jesus, love directs me toward your steps. I reach you as You walk along the streets of Jerusalem with your beloved disciples. I look at You and I see that You are still pale. I hear your voice, sweet, yes, but so sad that it breaks the heart of your disciples who become deeply distressed.

You say to them, **"This is the last time that I walk along these streets by Myself. Tomorrow I will walk through them, bound and dragged among a thousand insults."** And pointing out the places where You will be most insulted and tortured, you continue: **"My life here is about to set, just as the sun is now setting, and tomorrow at this hour I will no longer be here! But, like the sun, I will rise again on the third day!"**

At your words, the Apostles, not knowing what to say, become sad and silent. And You add: **"Take courage,**

do not lose heart; I will not leave you, I will be with you always. Yet it is necessary that I die for the good of all."

In uttering these words You are moved, and with a trembling voice You continue to instruct them. Before enclosing yourself in the cenacle you look at the sun which is setting, just as your life is setting. You offer your steps for those who find themselves at the setting of life, and offer them the grace to let their lives set in You, and you make reparation for those who, in spite of the sorrows and disillusions of life, obstinately refuse to surrender to You.

Then you look at Jerusalem again, the center of your prodigies and the predilections of your Heart – Jerusalem which, in return, is preparing your cross and sharpening the nails to commit the deicide. And You tremble, your Heart breaks and You weep over its [impending] destruction. With this, You offer reparation for many souls consecrated to You, whom You, with so much care, tried to form into portents of your love, but ungrateful and unrequiting, make You suffer more bitterness. I wish to offer reparation with You to console You in this [bitter] blow to your Heart.

But I see that you are horrified at the sight of Jerusalem and, withdrawing your gaze, You enter the cenacle. My love, press me tightly to your Heart so that I may make your bitterness my own, and offer it up with You. And may You look with pity on my soul and pour your love into it, as I ask for your blessing.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus promptly leaves his mother, although he experiences a blow to his most tender Heart. Are we ready to sacrifice even the most legitimate and holy affections in order to fulfill the Divine Will? Let us especially reflect on those moments in our lives when we may feel distant from the divine Presence, or may not feel any spiritual consolation in our pious devotions.

Jesus did not take his last steps in vain. In his steps He glorified the Father and asked for the salvation of souls. We too should fuse in our steps the same intentions of Jesus, that is, we should sacrifice ourselves for the glory of the Father and for the good of souls. We must also imagine placing our steps in the footprints of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ did not walk in vain, but enclosed in his steps the steps of souls and offered reparation for all of their poorly taken steps, thereby offering the Father the glory befitting him. He gave life to all the misdirected steps of souls, so that they might walk along the right path. We should do this in the same way that Jesus did, by fusing our steps in the steps of Jesus and with his own intentions.

Do we walk on the street modestly and composed so as to be an example to others? As afflicted Jesus walked, He talked to the Apostles every once in a while, speaking to them about his imminent Passion. And what do we say in our conversations?

6 PM HOUR

When the opportunity arises, do we make the Passion of the Divine Redeemer the object of our conversations? In seeing the Apostles sad and discouraged, beloved Jesus tried to comfort them. Do we place in our conversations the intention of relieving Jesus Christ? Do we try to speak in the Will of God, infusing in others the spirit of Jesus Christ? As we meditate on Jesus going to the cenacle, we should enclose in his Heart our thoughts, affections, heartbeats, prayers, actions, partaking of food and work while we are performing these actions. By this means, our actions will acquire a divine character. However, since it is difficult to always keep this divine character, as it is hard for the soul to fuse its acts continuously in him, we can compensate with the attitude of our good will. Jesus will be very pleased by this. He will become the vigilant sentry of each of our thoughts, words and heartbeats. He will place these acts as cortege inside and outside Himself, gazing upon them with great love as the fruit of the soul's good will. Then, when the soul fuses itself in him and does its immediate acts with Jesus, good Jesus will feel so attracted to this soul that He will act together with the soul doing what it does, and he will transform the work of the soul into a divine work. All this is the effect of the goodness of God who takes everything into account and rewards everything, even a tiny act in the Will of God, so that the soul may not miss out on anything.

O my life and my all, may your steps direct mine and as I walk the earth, and may my thoughts be in heaven!

Third Hour

7 PM

The Last Supper

O Jesus, You now arrive at the cenacle with your beloved disciples and You begin your supper with them. What sweetness, what graciousness You show throughout your entire being as You lower yourself to taking material food for the last time! Everything is love in you. In this also You not only offer reparation for the sins of gluttony, but You implore the sanctification of food.

Jesus, my life, your sweet and penetrating gaze seems to search all the Apostles. Also in this act of taking food your Heart is pierced in seeing your dear Apostles still weak and listless, especially the perfidious Judas who has already put one foot in hell. And You, from the bottom of your Heart, say bitterly: **"What is the use of the shedding of My Blood? Here is a soul so favoured by Me, and yet, he is lost!"**

And You look at him with eyes refulgent with light and love, as though wanting to make him understand the great evil he is about to do. But your supreme charity makes You bear this sorrow, and You do not make it known, not even to your beloved disciples.

While You grieve for Judas, your Heart is filled with joy in seeing on your left your beloved disciple John.

So great is your love that, unable to contain it any longer, You draw him sweetly to yourself and let him place his head upon your Heart and allow him to experience Paradise in advance. It is in this solemn hour that the two personages, the reprobate and the elect, are portrayed in the two disciples: The reprobate in Judas, who already feels hell in his heart; the elect in John, who rests and delights in you.

O beloved Jesus, goodness itself, I too place myself beside You and, with your beloved disciple, I wish to place my weary head upon your adorable Heart and entreat You to allow me to experience the delights of heaven, even now while I am still on earth, so that, enraptured by the sweet harmonies of your Heart, the earth may no longer be earth to me, but heaven.

But among those sweetest and divine harmonies, I hear sorrowful heartbeats escape You – they beat for lost souls! O Jesus, O please do not allow any more souls to be lost. Let your heartbeat, beating in them, make them feel the heartbeats of the life of heaven just as your beloved disciple John felt them, so that attracted by the gentleness and sweetness of your love, they may all surrender to you.

O Jesus, as I rest upon your Heart allow me to partake of the food You gave to your Apostles: The food of love, the food of the divine word, the food of your Divine Will. O my beloved Jesus, do not deny me this food which You so much desire to give me, so that your very life may be formed in me.

Beloved Jesus, goodness itself, while I remain close to You I see that the food of which You partake along with your dear disciples is no other than a lamb. This is a figurative lamb: Just as this lamb hasn't any vital humor left in it on account of the consuming fire, so You, the mystical Lamb, having to consume yourself completely for souls in love, will keep not even one drop of Blood for yourself, but will pour it all out for love of us.

O Jesus, there is nothing You do which does not vividly portray your most sorrowful Passion which You keep always present in your mind, in your Heart and in everything. This teaches me that if I too had the thought of your Passion before my mind and in my heart, You would never deny me the food of your love. How much I thank You for this!

O my Jesus, not one act escapes You that does not benefit me or intend to extend to me a special blessing. So I beseech You to make your Passion always present in my mind, in my heart, in my gazes, in my steps and in my pains. By this means, wherever I turn, inside and outside of me, I may always find You present in me. And may You grant me the grace never to forget what You have done and suffered for me. May this be the magnet which, drawing my whole being into You, never again permits me to go far from you.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Before taking food, let us unite our intentions with those of our beloved and good Jesus, by imagining having the mouth of Jesus in place of our own, with Jesus operating with us through our tongue and cheeks. By operating in this way, we will not only draw the life of Jesus Christ into ourselves, but we will unite ourselves with him in order to give to the Father the complete glory, praise, love, thanksgiving and reparation that souls owe him, and which Jesus himself offered in the act of taking food. Let us also imagine being at the table near Jesus Christ, looking at him one moment, then asking him to share a bite with us, then kissing the hem of his mantle, then contemplating the movements of his lips and of his heavenly eyes, then noticing the sudden anguish in his most loveable face when he foresees so much human ingratitude!

Just as beloved Jesus spoke about his Passion during his supper, so when we take our food we should make some reflections on how we meditated upon the Hours of the Passion. As the angels carried Jesus' acts when he was on earth to the Father to somehow mitigate his just indignation for the many offenses He receives from souls, so the angels hang on our words to gather our prayers and reparations in order to take them before the Father. And when we pray, can we say that the angels are pleased, and that we have been so recollected and reverent that just as they carried the prayers of our Jesus to heaven, the

angels were able to joyously carry our prayers to heaven? Or were the angels left rather saddened?

While afflicted Jesus was taking food, He remained transfixed at the sight of the loss of Judas, and in Judas He saw all souls who were going to be lost. Since the loss of souls is the greatest of his pains, unable to contain it, He drew John to himself in order to be consoled. In the same way, we should remain always close to Jesus like John, offering him compassion and comfort in his sorrows, and giving him rest in our hearts. We should make his sorrows our own; we should identify ourselves with him to feel the heartbeats of that Divine Heart that is pierced by the loss of souls. We should give him our own heartbeats to assuage his wounds and, in the place of those wounds, place souls who choose to be lost, so that these may convert and be saved.

Every heartbeat of Jesus is one “I love You”, which resounds in all the heartbeats of creatures, seeking to enclose all of them in his Heart to receive their heartbeats in return. But beloved Jesus does not receive this from many, thus his heartbeat remains as though stifled and embittered. Let us implore Jesus to seal our heartbeat with his “I love You,” so that our hearts too may live the life of his Heart and, resounding in the heartbeats of creatures, may compel them to say, “I love You, Jesus!” Furthermore, we should fuse ourselves in Jesus, and beloved Jesus will let us hear his “I love You” which fills heaven and earth, resound throughout the saints and descends into purgatory. All the hearts of creatures are touched by this “I love You.”

Even the elements feel new life and all experience its effects. In his breathing too, Jesus feels as though suffocating for the loss of souls. We should give him our breath of love for his consolation and, taking his breath, touch souls who detach themselves from his arms, so as to give them the life of the divine breath, whereby rather than running away, they may return to Jesus and cling to him more tightly.

When we are in pain and almost feel that we cannot breathe freely, let us think of Jesus who contains the breath of all souls in his own breath. For as souls become lost, He too feels his breath being taken away. So, let us place our sorrowful and laboured breath in the breath of Jesus in order to console him, and let us run after the sinner with our pain, so as to compel him to enclose himself in the Heart of Jesus. My beloved Jesus, may my breath be a continuous cry to the breath of every soul, compelling it to enclose itself in your breath.

The first word that beloved Jesus pronounced on the Cross was a word of forgiveness to justify all souls before the Father and convert justice into mercy. We should give Jesus our acts to pardon sinners, so that moved by our apologies, Jesus may not allow any soul to go to hell. We should unite with Jesus as sentries of the hearts of souls, so that nobody may offend him. We should let Jesus pour out his love on us and willingly accept all that He may dispose for us: insipidness, callousness, consternation, oppressions, temptations, distractions, slanders, illnesses and so forth, so as to console him in all that is thrust upon him by other

souls. It is not by love alone that Jesus pours himself out on souls. Many times, when He feels the coldness of souls, He goes to another soul and makes it feel the coldness he feels, so as to be comforted through this soul. If the soul accepts this from Jesus, He will feel relieved from all the coldness of souls, and this coldness will serve as the means to guard someone else's heart, so that beloved Jesus may in turn be loved.

At other times, Jesus feels the callousness of hearts within his own and, unable to contain this, He seeks to pour himself out and comes to us. He touches our heart with his Heart, making us share in his pain. Making his pain our own, we should place it around the heart of the sinner in order to melt his callousness, and win him over to God.

My beloved Jesus, You suffer greatly for the loss of souls. With compassion I place my being at your disposal. I will take your pains and the pains of sinners upon me, leaving You comforted and the sinner clinging to you.

O my Jesus, please, let my whole being melt in love, so that I may be a continuous consolation to console all your bitterness.

Fourth Hour

8 PM

The Institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament

My sweet Jesus, always inexhaustible in love, I see that as You finish the legal supper with your dear disciples, You stand up and, along with them, raise a hymn of thanksgiving to the Father for having given You food. In this hymn You offer reparation for souls who fail to give thanks to God for all the things He gives them and that sustain their health. O Jesus, this is why in everything You do, touch or see, You always have on your lips the words, **"Thanks be to You, O Father."** I too united with You Jesus take the words from your very lips, and always and in all things I say: "Thank You for myself and for all," in order to continue to offer reparation for souls who fail to give thanks to God.

The washing of the feet

O My Jesus, it seems that your love has no respite. I see that You have your beloved disciples again sit down, You take a basin of water, wrap a white cloth around your waist and prostrate yourself at their feet. You do so with a gesture so humble that it draws the attention of all of the heavenly inhabitants and it enraptures them. The Apostles themselves remain almost motionless in seeing You

prostrate at their feet. But tell me, my love, what is it You desire? What do You intend to do with such a humble act as this – an act of humility never-before seen and which will never be seen?

"Oh, My child, I seek out all souls, and prostrate at their feet like a poor beggar, I am asking, persisting and crying out to them, as I devise loving stratagems to win them over! Prostrate at their feet, with this basin of water mixed with My tears I desire to wash them of all imperfection and prepare them to receive Me in the Most Blessed Sacrament. I so much cherish this act of receiving Me in the Eucharist that I do not want to entrust this office to the angels, nor even to My dear mother, but I Myself want to purify them in their innermost fibres and dispose them to receive the fruit of the Sacrament. I intend through the Apostles to prepare all souls. I intend to offer reparation for all holy works and for the administration of the Sacraments, especially by Priests that are carried out with a spirit of pride, without a divine disposition and with indifference. Oh, how many good works reach Me more to dishonour Me than to honour Me; more to embitter Me than to please Me; more to give Me death than to give Me life! These are the offenses which sadden Me most. Ah yes, My child, count all of the most intimate offenses they commit against Me and offer Me reparation with My own Will. Console My embittered Heart."

O my afflicted Jesus, I make your life my own and, with You, I intend to offer reparation for all of these

offenses. I want to enter into the most intimate recesses of your Divine Heart and offer reparation with your own Heart for the most intimate and secret offenses that You receive from your dearest ones. O my Jesus, I want to follow You in everything and, with You, I want to go to all souls who are about to receive You in the Eucharist, and enter into their hearts to unite my hands with yours and purify them.

I beseech You, O Jesus, with this water and these tears of yours with which You washed the feet of the Apostles, let us wash souls who will receive you. Let us purify their hearts, let us enflame them and shake off the dust with which they are sullied, so that when they receive You, You may find in them your satisfaction rather than the bitterness You feel.

But, my affectionate and good Jesus, while You are all intent on washing the feet of the Apostles, I look at You and I see another sorrow that pierces your Most Sacred Heart. These Apostles represent all the future children of the Church and, each of them, the series of each one of your sorrows. In some You discover weakness, in others, deceit, hypocrisies and excessive love for personal interests. In Saint Peter You discover the lack of resolve and all the offenses of Church leaders; in Saint John the offenses of your most faithful ones; in Judas all of the apostates with the gamut of all the great evils they commit. Oh, your sorrow is so stifled by pain and love that, unable to contain it, You pause at the feet of each Apostle and burst into tears, praying and offering reparation for each

one of these offenses, and imploring the appropriate remedy for all.

Beloved Jesus, I too unite myself to you. I make your prayers, your reparations and your appropriate remedies for each soul, my own. I want to mix my tears with yours so that You may never be alone, but may always have me with You to share in your pains.

But, sweet love of mine, as You continue to wash the feet of the Apostles, I see that You are now at Judas' feet. I hear your laboured breath. I see that You not only cry, but sob, and as You wash those feet, You kiss them and You press them to your Heart. Unable to speak with your voice because it is stifled with sobs, You look at him with eyes full of tears, and say to him with your Heart:

"My child, oh please, I beg you with the voice of My tears, do not go to hell! Give Me your soul which I ask of you here prostrate at your feet. Tell Me, what is it you seek? What do you search for? I will grant you everything you seek, just do not allow yourself to be lost. O please, spare Me, your God, this sorrow!"

And again, You press those feet to your Heart, but in seeing the callousness of Judas, your Heart is cornered. Your heartache stifles your voice and You are about to faint. My heart and my life, allow me to sustain You in my arms. I understand that these are the loving devices You use with every obstinate sinner. Oh please, love of my heart, I beg You to allow me to go around the earth with

You, as You partake in your Passion and offer reparation for the offenses You receive from souls who are obstinate in not wanting to convert. Wherever there are obstinate sinners, let us give them your tears to soften them, and your kisses and loving embraces to bind them to You in such a way that they cannot escape. In this way, You will be consoled in your pain of the loss of Judas.

The Institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament

Beloved Jesus, my joy and my delight, I see that your love runs, and runs rapidly. You stand up, sorrowful as You are, and You almost run to the altar where there is bread and wine ready for the consecration. I see You, love of my heart, assuming a look wholly new and never-before seen. Your divine Person acquires a tender, loving and affectionate countenance. Your eyes blaze with light more than if they were suns; your rosy face becomes radiant; your lips smile and burn with love; your creative hands assume the attitude of creating. I see You, my love, completely transformed. Your divinity seems to overflow from your humanity.

My heart and my life, Jesus, your countenance, never before seen, draws the attention of all the Apostles. They are caught by a sweet enchantment and dare not even breathe. Your sweet mother runs in spirit to the foot of the altar to admire the portents of your love. The angels descend from heaven, asking themselves: “What is this;

what is this? These are true follies and true excesses of love! A God who creates, not heaven or earth, but himself. And where? In the most humble of things: In some bread and wine."

O insatiable love, while they are all around You I see that You take the bread in your hands, You offer it to the Father and I hear your most sweet voice say:

"Holy Father, thanks be to You for always answering your Son. Holy Father, concur with Me in this. One day, You sent Me from heaven to earth to be incarnated in the womb of My mother, and to come save Our children. Now, allow Me to be incarnated in each Host to continue the work of the salvation of My children and to become the life of each one of them. Do You see, O Father? There remain but a few hours of My life, and who would have the heart to leave one's children orphaned and alone? Many are their enemies and passions, and great is the ignorance and weakness to which they are subject. Who will help them? O please, I entreat You to let Me remain in each Host to become the life of each soul – to be their light, strength and aid in everything – and to put to flight their enemies... To whom shall they otherwise go? Who will help them? Our works are eternal and My love irresistible. I cannot nor do I wish to leave My children alone."

The Father is moved at the tender and affectionate voice of his Son. He descends from heaven and is now

upon the altar united with the Holy Spirit, and He concurs with the Son. And Jesus, with a resounding and moving voice, pronounces the words of the consecration and, without leaving himself, He bilocates himself in the bread and wine.[35] He then administers himself to his Apostles, and I believe that our Heavenly Mother is not deprived of receiving him as well.

O Jesus, the heavens bow down and all send You an act of adoration in your new state of complete self-emptying. O sweet Jesus, your love remains pleased and satisfied as You have nothing left to do, but I see on this altar, my love, Hosts that will be consecrated until the end of time. I behold lined up in each Host your entire sorrowful Passion, as souls, at the expense of the excess of your love, prepare for You the excess of ingratitude and enormous crimes. And I, Heart of my heart, want to be always with You in each Tabernacle, in all the Pyxes and in each consecrated Host that will exist until the end of the world to offer up [to You] my acts of reparation that correspond to the offenses You receive.

[35] The expression, “Jesus, without leaving himself”, signifies an act of “bilocation”. Jesus employs the word “bilocate” to express the soul’s ability to multi-locate. He uses this word in relation to God (L. Piccarreta, volume 28, November 30, 1930); in relation to Adam who could “bilocate his soul in all created things” (Ibid., vol. 33, November 10, 1927); in relation to Mary (Ibid., vol. 11, May 9, 1913); in relation to souls (Ibid., vol. 32, July 8, 1933).

O Jesus, as I contemplate You in the Most Blessed Sacrament[36] I kiss your *majestic forehead*, but in kissing You I am pierced by your thorns. O my Jesus, in this Sacred Host, how many souls impress thorns upon You. They come before You and, instead of offering You the homage of their good thoughts, offer You their evil thoughts. You, in turn, lower your head as You do in your Passion[37] to receive and bear the thorns of these evil thoughts. O my love, I draw close to You to share in your sorrows: I fuse all of my thoughts in your mind to remove these thorns that deeply sadden You; may each one of my thoughts flow in each one of your thoughts to offer reparation for each evil thought and to alleviate your afflicted thoughts.[38]

Jesus, my love, I kiss your *beautiful eyes*. I see you lovingly gaze upon those who come into your presence, eager to receive in exchange their gazes of love. But how many come before You who, instead of looking at You and

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[36] Luisa's acts of reparation that correspond to the offenses Jesus received derive from her "contemplation" of the Eucharist. Here she uses her mind's eye or interior vision to envision Jesus in his Passion. In her Christmas Novena, Luisa often affirms that through her passive "imagination" she envisioned Jesus in the Blessed Mother's womb and, accordingly, made reparation.

[37] Luisa here refers to Jesus' dropping his head to his chest from the Cross (cf. p. 217).

[38] *Nota bene*: The "afflicted thoughts" *(mesti pensieri)* Luisa refers to constitute all the evil thoughts of mankind that Jesus assumed to expiate and reorder, thereby providing mankind with a two-fold grace: not to sin through his thoughts, and to unite his every thought to God's divine and "uncreated intellect" (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 16, March 22, 1924).

searching for You, look at things to distract them, thereby depriving You of the pleasure You would have received from an exchange of loving gazes! You cry, and as I kiss You I feel my lips wet with your tears. Beloved Jesus, do not cry. I fuse my eyes in yours to share in your sorrows and cry with You, and to offer reparation for all distracted gazes, I offer You my gazes that are always fixed on you.

Jesus, my love, I kiss your *most sacred ears*. I now see You, eager to console souls, listening intently to what it is they ask of you. But they offer your ears prayers that are poorly recited, without any trust and out of habit. In this Sacred Host your hearing is offended more than in your very Passion. O my Jesus, I take all the harmonies of heaven and fuse them in your ears to offer You reparation; I fuse my ears in yours, not only to share in your sorrows, but to offer You my continuous acts of reparation to console You.

Jesus, my life, I kiss your *most sacred face.* I see it bleeding, bruised and swollen. O Jesus, souls come before You in the Most Blessed Sacrament and, with their indecent postures and evil conversations, instead of giving You honour, offer You slaps and spittle. You receive them with complete peacefulness and patience, and You bear everything as You do in your Passion! O Jesus, I want to place my face close to yours, not only to kiss You and receive the insults your children thrust upon You, but to share in all of your sorrows. With my hands I caress You, wipe off the spittle and press You tightly to my heart. I also offer You the many tiny particles of my being by placing

them before You like genuflected statues, and my movements as acts that continuously prostrate themselves before You in reparation for the irreverence You receive from all souls.

Beloved Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred lips*. I see that in descending Sacramentally into the hearts of your children, You are forced to rest on many sharp, impure and evil tongues. Oh, how embittered You are! You feel as though poisoned by these tongues, and it is even worse when You descend into their hearts! O Jesus, if it were possible I would enter the mouths of each soul to turn into praises all of their offenses against You!

My weary and good Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred neck;* I see it is tired, exhausted and completely absorbed in your crafting of love. Tell me, what do You intend to do? And Jesus:

"My child, in this Host I work from morning until evening forming chains of love. As souls approach Me, I bind them to My Heart. And do you know what they do to me? Many forcibly wrest themselves free and shatter My loving chains. Since these chains are linked to My Heart I feel tortured and become delirious. In breaking My chains such souls render My crafting of love useless, as they seek [to be bound by] the chains of creatures; and they do this in My very Presence, using Me in order to achieve their own ends. This grieves Me so much that I undergo a violent fever, and I grow faint and delirious."

I unite myself completely to your Passion, O Jesus! Your love is cornered. To console You for the offenses You receive from souls, I ask You to chain my heart with the very chains that were shattered by these souls. In this way, I can requite You with my love on their behalf.

Beloved Jesus, my Divine archer, I kiss *your bosom.* The fire You contain is so great that in order to lightly vent your flames and seek the slightest respite from your labor, You begin to play, shooting loving arrows from your bosom at souls who approach You. Your game is to form loving arrows, darts and javelins and, with these, pierce their hearts, which causes You to rejoice. But many reject them, O Jesus, by sending You in return arrows of insipidness, darts of lukewarmness and javelins of ingratitude, thus leaving You so afflicted that You weep bitterly... O Jesus, here is my bosom ready to receive not only your arrows destined for me, but those destined for but rejected by others, so that You will no longer lose at your game of love. I offer You reparation also for the insipidness, lukewarmness and ingratitude of souls.

O Jesus, I kiss *your left hand*, and I wish to make reparation for all the illicit or blameworthy touches in your Presence, and I beg You to press Me always tightly to your Heart.

O Jesus, I kiss *your right hand*, and I intend to make reparation for all the sacrileges, especially for the Masses poorly said. How many times, my love, are You compelled to descend from heaven into unworthy hands and hearts.

Although You are nauseated in those hands, love forces You to stay. What is more, in some of your ministers You discover those who renew your Passion. On account of their enormous crimes and sacrileges they renew the deicide; Jesus, I am frightened at the thought of it! But, alas, just as You were in the hands of the Jews during your Passion, so You remain in these unworthy hands like a meek lamb, awaiting again your death. O Jesus, how much You suffer! You yearn for a loving hand to free You from these sacrilegious hands.

O Jesus, when You are in these hands I bid You summon me to your side to offer reparation by covering You with the purity of angels and anointing You with your own virtues. By this means, the nausea You experience in those hands will be lessened, and I offer You my heart as a shelter and refuge. While You are in me I will pray for Priests so that they may be your worthy ministers.

O Jesus, I kiss *your left foot.* I offer reparation for those who receive You out of habit and without the proper dispositions.

O Jesus, I kiss *your right foot*. I offer reparation for those who, in receiving You, offend you. O please, I beg You, when they dare to do this to renew the miracle You performed with Longinus. Just as You healed and converted him at the touch of the Blood which gushed forth from your Heart pierced by his lance, so at your Sacramental touch convert your offenders into loving worshippers and their offenses into [acts of] love.

O Jesus, I kiss your *Heart* into which all offenses pour, and I offer reparation for them all to requite You in love on behalf of all souls and to share always in your sorrows.

O Heavenly archer, if any offense escapes my acts of reparation, I entreat You to imprison me within your Heart and within your Will so that nothing escapes me. I implore my sweet mother to keep me always within her [Heart] so that I may offer reparation for all offenses on behalf of all souls. Together we shall kiss You and, keeping You sheltered, drive from You the waves of bitterness souls offer You... O Jesus, please remember that I too am a poor prisoner. It is true that your imprisonment in the small circumference of a Host is more arduous than mine, but [I nevertheless bid You] enclose me in your Heart and, with your chains of love, do not just imprison me, but also bind, one by one my thoughts, my affections and my desires chain my hands and my feet to your Heart so that I may have no other hands and feet but yours.

And so my love, my prison will be your Heart, my chains will be formed by your love, your flames will be my food, your breath will be my breath and the bars preventing me from leaving You will be your Most Holy Will. In this way I will behold nothing but divine flames and experience nothing but the divine fire; while I experience life, I will also experience death, just like the death You experience in the Sacred Host. I will give You my life and, while I remain imprisoned in You, You will be set free in Me. Was this not your intention when imprisoning yourself in the

Host? Did You not intend to be set free by those souls who would receive You and enable You to actualize your life in them? And as I cleave to You and embrace You, as a sign of your love I ask for your blessing and a kiss.

O my sweet Heart, I see that after You have instituted the Most Blessed Sacrament and have seen the enormous ingratitude and offenses of souls at the expense of the excess of your love, though wounded and embittered, You do not draw back; rather, You desire to immerse everything in the immensity of your love.

O Jesus, I see You as You administer yourself to your Apostles, and You add that they too must do what You have done, and You confer upon them the authority to consecrate. You therefore ordain them Priests and institute the other Sacraments. You tend to everything and offer reparation for everything: The sermons poorly preached; the Sacraments administered and received without the proper dispositions and therefore without their intended effects;[39] the mistaken vocations of Priests on account of the ordinand and of the bishops who ordain them, who do not use all the necessary means required to discern true

[39] The Council of Trent teaches that grace is always conferred by a Sacrament in virtue of the rite performed (*ex opere operato*). Indeed, every Sacrament properly administered confers the grace intended by the Sacrament. In a true sense the Sacraments are instrumental causes of grace. Although the administration of the Sacrament is guaranteed, its fruitful or worthy reception depends on the worthiness of the recipient (*ex opere operantis*). The Council of Trent was careful to note that there must not be any obstacle to grace on the part of the recipients who are to receive the Sacraments, and it declared it erroneous to assert that they require no previous dispositions.

vocations.[40] O Jesus, nothing escapes You, and I follow You and offer reparation for all these offenses.

Then, after You have fulfilled everything [for the institution of the Sacraments], You take your Apostles with You and set out for the Garden of Gethsemane to begin your sorrowful Passion. I will follow You in everything to keep You faithful company.

[40] The expression, “mistaken vocations”, conveys the inadequate presbyteral formation for ordination, the lack of which does not necessarily invalidate the conferral of the Sacrament of Holy Orders. Insofar as there is present in the conferral of the Sacrament *matter* and *form* that determine its validity, even though a validly ordained Priest may depart from the standard of virtue expected of him, or even may leave the Church, he retains his priestly powers to consecrate and absolve (*ex opere operato*). The Catholic Church teaches as an article of faith that the Sacrament of Holy Orders imprints on the soul of the recipient a character that can never be erased.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus is hidden in the Host to give life to all. In his concealment, He embraces all centuries and gives light to all. In the same way, by hiding ourselves in him we will give life and light to all with our prayers and reparations, even to those who have separated themselves from the Church and to those who are unfaithful, as Jesus does not exclude anyone.

And what should we do in our concealment? In order to become similar to Jesus Christ, we must hide everything in him: our thoughts, glances, words, heartbeats, affections, desires, steps, works, even our prayers – we should hide them in the prayers of Jesus. And just as beloved Jesus embraces all centuries in the Eucharist, we will also embrace them. Clinging to him, we will be the thought of every mind, the word of every tongue, the desire of every heart, the step of every foot, the work of every arm. By doing this, we will divert from the Heart of Jesus all the evils which all souls would thrust upon him; we will substitute each evil with all the good we do, while pressing Jesus to grant salvation, sanctity and love to all souls.

In order to requite Jesus for the life he has given us, our life must be fully conformed to his. The soul must have the intention of being in all the Tabernacles of the world in order to keep him continuous company, and continuous consolation and reparation. With this intention we should

do all our actions throughout the day. The first Tabernacle is within us, in our heart. Therefore we must pay great attention to all that good Jesus wants to do in us. Many times, being in our heart, Jesus makes us feel the need of prayer. Oh, it is Jesus that wants to pray and wants us united with him, almost identifying himself with our voice, with our affection and with all our heart in order to make our prayer one with his! So, in order to give honour to the prayer of Jesus, we should be attentive to submit to him our entire being, so that beloved Jesus may raise his prayer and speak to the Father, renewing on earth the effects of his own prayer.

We need to pay attention to each one of our interior movements because good Jesus will one moment make us suffer, the next moment He will ask us to pray; one moment He will place us in one interior state, and the next moment in another state in order to repeat his own life in us.

Let us suppose that Jesus places us in the circumstance of exercising patience. He receives so many grave offenses from souls that He feels moved to resort to chastisements to strike souls. And here He gives us the opportunity to exercise patience. We must give him honour, bearing everything in peace, just as he does. Our patience will snatch from his hands the chastisements which other souls draw down, because He will exercise his own divine patience within us. This applies not only to patience, but to all the other virtues. In the Sacrament beloved Jesus

exercises all the virtues. From him we draw fortitude, docility, patience, tolerance, humility and obedience.

Good Jesus gives us his flesh for food and we will give him our love, will, desires, thoughts and affections for his nourishment. In this way we will compete with Jesus' love. We will let nothing enter into us that opposes him. Therefore, in everything we do, everything must serve to nourish our beloved Jesus. Our thought must feed the divine thought by thinking that Jesus is hidden in us and desires the nourishment of our thoughts. So, by thinking in a saintly way, we nourish the divine thought. Our words, heartbeats, affections, desires, steps and works, in a word, everything must serve to nourish Jesus. We must form the intention of feeding souls in Jesus.

O my sweet love, in this hour You transubstantiated yourself into bread and wine. Please, O Jesus, let all that I say and do be a continuous consecration of yourself in me and in souls. Sweet life of mine, when You come into me, let my every heartbeat, desire, affection, thought and word feel the power of the Sacramental consecration, so that being consecrated, my entire little being may become many hosts that administer You to souls. O Jesus, sweet love of mine, may I be your little host to enclose your entire being in me, like a living host.

Fifth Hour

9 PM

First hour of the Agony in the Garden

My afflicted Jesus, I feel drawn into this garden as though by an electric current... I understand that You, [acting like a] powerful magnet of my wounded heart, are calling me, and I run, thinking to myself: “What are these attractions of love I feel within me? Oh, maybe my persecuted Jesus is in such a state of bitterness that he feels the need of my company.” And I fly to him.

But upon entering this garden, to my surprise horror overtakes me. The darkness of the night, the intensity of the cold and the slow motion of the leaves that rustle like weak voices, announce sorrows, sadness and death for my sorrowful Jesus. The sweet glittering of the stars, like attentive gazing eyes that weep, reproach me for my ingratitude, and I tremble. I gropingly go in search of Jesus and call out to him: “Jesus, where are You? How is it that You call on me and do not reveal yourself; You call out to me and yet You hide.”

The night is filled with terror; fear and profound silence pervade all things... I attune my ears and hear a laboured breath, and it is Jesus himself that I find… But He has undergone such a grim change! No longer is He the sweet Jesus of the Eucharistic Supper whose face shone

with radiant and enrapturing beauty, but He is cloaked with sadness – a mortal sadness that has disfigured his divine beauty... He has already entered into a state of agony, and it appears that he may die. I worry to think that I may no longer hear his voice... I embrace his feet; I become braver and approach his arms and, placing my hand upon his forehead to sustain him, I softly say to him: "Jesus, Jesus!" And He, shaken by my voice, looks at me and says:

"Child, are you here? I was waiting for you. Do you wish to know the cause of My sadness – that which oppresses Me the most? It is the total abandonment of everyone. I was waiting for you to allow you to witness My sorrows and let you drink, along with Me, the chalice of bitterness which, in a little while, My Heavenly Father will send Me through an angel.[41] We will drink from it together, as it will not be a chalice of

[41] Jesus' invitation to Luisa to partake of his chalice of bitterness introduces the reader to the redeemed human being's ability to assist him in *his* work of Redemption, the fruits of which are progressively actualized in souls. Throughout the Passion recount Jesus invites Mary, Luisa and all the redeemed to unite themselves to him in his Passion and to offer him "reparation", "compassion", "help", "comfort", etc. This cooperation in Christ's Passion does not compromise Jesus' *sole mediatory action* in the work of Redemption (1 Tim. 2:5). Indeed, through the cooperation of the two natures in his one divine Person, *Jesus*, the sole mediator between God and man, accomplishes the work of Redemption, while his *human nature* in the "form of a slave" (Phil. 2:7), experiences the full gamut of mankind's sins and elicits from the redeemed "reparation", "compassion", help", etc. By virtue of his two natures, Jesus absorbs, sublimates and divinizes within himself all that which the redeemed offer to him, which he, in turn, offers to the Father. And it is in this sense that the redeemed may be said to cooperate with Christ in his work of Redemption.

comfort, but one of intense bitterness; I am in need of a few loving souls who will drink at least a few drops of it. This is why I called on you – that you may accept this chalice, share in My sorrows and assure Me that you will not leave Me in this great state of abandonment.”

“Oh, yes my panting Jesus, let us drink together from your bitter chalice; let us together endure your sorrows, and never will I leave your side!”

And afflicted Jesus, reassured by me, enters into his mortal agony and suffers torments never-before seen nor understood. And I, unable to contain myself and wanting to partake in his Passion and console him, say: “Tell me, why are You so sad, afflicted and alone in this garden and on this night? This is the last night of your life on earth. Only a few hours remain before You begin your [public] Passion... I thought I would at least here find my Heavenly Mother, the loving Magdalene and the faithful Apostles, but instead, I find You all alone, prey to a sadness which gives You a ruthless death without making You die...

O my love and my all, why do You not answer? Please speak to me! It seems as though the sadness that oppresses You is so intense that You cannot utter a word. O my Jesus, that gaze of yours, radiant with light but afflicted and searching, seems to search for help. Everything tells me that You are alone and desire my company. Your pale face, your lips parched with love, your divine Person trembling from head to foot, and your Heart that beats so loudly within You in search of souls, causes You such

labour that it seems that any moment now You will breathe your last.

I am here with You, O Jesus, and yet I don't have the heart to see You prostrate on the ground. I take You in my arms and press You to my heart. I wish to count, one by one, the offenses that advance toward You, and, one by one, your internal acts [that face these offenses], so that I may comfort You in everything and at least offer You my compassion in all of your reparations and in all that which You undergo.

But, O my Jesus, while I hold You in my arms, your sufferings increase. My life, I feel fire flowing in your veins and I feel your Blood boiling, wanting to burst the veins to come out. Tell me, my love, what is it? I do not see [soldiers'] scourges or thorns, neither the nails nor the Cross, and yet, when I place my head upon your Heart, I feel the bitter thorns [of sins] that pierce your head unleash ruthless scourges on your divine Person that spare not even the slightest part of your soul and body, thus rendering your hands more contorted and paralyzed than the [actual] nails themselves. Tell me, beloved Jesus, goodness itself, who has so much power, even in your interior, to torment You and make You suffer as many deaths as there are torments You experience?" Oh, it seems that Blessed Jesus opens his faint and dying lips, and says to me:

"My child, do you want to know what it is that torments Me more than My executioners? Indeed, the executioners' tortures are nothing compared to this! It

is eternal love which, wanting primacy in all things, makes Me suffer all at once and in My most intimate recesses what the executioners will make Me suffer little by little. Oh, My child, it is love which prevails over Me and in Me in all things. Love is the nails for me, love is the scourging, love is the crown of thorns – love is everything for Me. Love is My perennial Passion, while that [torments inflicted on Me] by men is in time. Oh, My child, enter into My Heart, come and dissolve yourself in My love, as only in My love will you comprehend how much I suffered and how much I loved you, and you will learn to love Me and to suffer for love alone."

O my Jesus, since You call me into your Heart to show me what love made You suffer, I enter. But as I enter, I see the portents of love that crown your head, not with material thorns, but with thorns of fire; that scourge You, not with whips from the flagellum, but with lashes of fire; that crucify You with nails, not of iron, but of fire. Everything is fire and penetrates deep into your bones – into your very marrow and, distilling all of your most sacred humanity into fire, it gives You mortal pains, certainly greater than the Passion itself, and prepares a bath of love for all souls who want to be washed of any stain and acquire the rightful claims of the children of love.

Oh, love without end, I feel like drawing back before such immensity of love, and I see that in order to enter into love and to comprehend it, I myself must be pure love! O my Jesus, I am not so! But since You want my

company, and desire that I enter into You, I beg You to make me become pure love.

And so I implore You to crown my head and each one of my thoughts with the crown of love. I implore You, O Jesus, to scourge my soul, my body, my faculties, my feelings, my desires, my affections – in sum, everything with the scourge of love. In this way, I will be in all things scourged and sealed with love. O endless love, let there be nothing in me which does not take life from love.

O Jesus, center of all the love of human hearts, I beg You to nail my hands and my feet with the nails of love, so that completely crucified by love, I may become love, comprehend love, be clothed with love, nourished by love and be kept completely crucified within You. By this means, nothing internally or externally may dare to divert me or take me away from love, O Jesus!

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In this hour, abandoned by his eternal Father, Jesus Christ suffered such a burning fire of love that He was able to destroy all conceivable and imaginable sins, and enflame with his love all souls – even souls from millions and millions of worlds,[42] and the souls of those who [would squander this love by] choosing to remain eternally obstinate in their evil and choosing to go to hell. Let us enter into Jesus and, after we have penetrated his whole interior – his most intimate recesses, his heartbeats of fire, his intelligence which was set ablaze – let us take this love and clothe ourselves on the inside and out with the fire of love with which Jesus burned. Then, emerging from him and pouring ourselves into his Will, we will there find all souls. Let us give the love of Jesus to each one of these souls and, touching their hearts and minds with this love, let us try to transform them completely into love.

Then with Jesus' desires, heartbeats and thoughts, let us form Jesus into every creature's heart. And then we will bring Jesus all souls with him into their hearts, and we

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[42] Hannibal's reference to other "worlds" is rooted in Jesus' revelation to Luisa from Volume 11, October 29, 1914, where he tells her: *"My Will contains completely accomplished acts. One single act of My Will is enough to create a thousand worlds, all perfect and complete. I do not need subsequent acts, as one act is enough for all. So, in accomplishing the simplest act united with My Will, you offer Me a complete act, that is, an act of love, praise, thanksgiving and reparation. In sum, you enclose everything for Me in this act and, what is more, you even enclose Me, and you offer My very Self to Me".*

will place them around him, saying: “O Jesus, we bring You all souls with Jesus in their hearts to console and comfort you. We have no other way to assuage your love than to bring every creature into your Heart!” By doing this, we will offer Jesus true consolation, as the flames that burn him are so intense that He keeps repeating: “I burn with love, and yet there is no one to receive My love. Oh please, comfort Me by accepting my love and, in exchange, grant me your love!”

In order to conform ourselves in everything to Jesus, we must enter within ourselves and apply to ourselves these reflections. Can we say in all that we do there is a continuous flow of love between us and God? Our life is a continuous flow of love from God. When we think, it is a flow of love; when we work, it is a flow of love – the word is love, the heartbeat is love. Indeed, we receive everything from God. But do all these actions run toward God with love? Does Jesus find in us the sweet enchantment of his love running toward him, so that enraptured by this enchantment, He may overflow in us with more abundant love?

If we have not formed the intention in all that we do of running with Jesus in his love, we should enter within ourselves and ask him forgiveness for causing him the loss of the sweet enchantment of his love toward us.

Do we let ourselves be formed by God’s divine hands, as the humanity of Jesus Christ let itself be formed? We must accept everything that happens within us and that

is not sinful as God’s divine crafting. If we fail to do so, we deny glory to the Father, we cause his divine life to escape us and we lose sanctity. Everything we experience on the inside – inspirations, mortifications, graces – is nothing other than God’s crafting of love. Do we accept these things as God intends? Do we give Jesus the freedom to operate in us, or do we see everything in human terms and as meaningless, thereby rejecting God’s divine crafting and forcing him to fold his arms? Do we abandon ourselves in his arms as though we were dead in order to receive all the blows which the Lord will dispose for our sanctification?

My love and my all, may your love inundate me in my entirety and burn all that opposes You. Let my love always run to You and burn away whatever may sadden your Heart.

Sixth Hour

10 PM

Second hour of the Agony in the Garden

O my sweet Jesus, one hour has already passed since You came to this garden. Love took primacy in everything, making You suffer everything at once – everything the executioners will make You suffer throughout the entire course of your most bitter Passion; or rather, love makes up for your Passion and reaches the point of making You suffer in the most interior recesses of your divine Person in ways your executioners cannot. O my Jesus, I see You now staggering in your steps, and yet, You want to walk. Tell me my love, where do You want to go? Oh, I understand, to see your beloved disciples. I too want to accompany You, so that if You stagger I may sustain You.

O my Jesus, your Heart receives another bitter blow: Your disciples are already asleep. And You, who are always compassionate, call them, wake them up and with complete paternal love admonish them and recommend to them vigilance and prayer. You then return to the garden, but You carry this additional wound in your Heart. O my love, in this wound I see all the wounds inflicted by consecrated souls who, because of temptation, temperament or lack of mortification, instead of clinging to You, being vigilant and praying, give into their own desires and,

sleepy, instead of making progress in love and in the union with You, draw back. I unite myself to your Passion, O my impassioned beloved. I offer You reparation for all the ingratitude of your most faithful ones. These are the offenses which most sadden your adorable Heart, and their bitterness is such that it makes You delirious.

O interminable love, your love which is already boiling in your veins conquers everything and forgets everything. I see You prostrate on the ground in prayer, offering yourself up, making reparation and, in everything, trying to glorify the Father for the offenses He receives from souls. O my Jesus, I too prostrate myself on the ground and with You I intend to do what You do.

O Jesus, delight of my heart, I see that crowds upon crowds of all of our sins, miseries, weakness, the most enormous crimes and the gravest ingratitude advance toward You, assail You, crush You, wound You and pierce You. And what do You do? The Blood that boils in your veins faces all of these offenses, bursts your veins, pours out in large rivulets and drenches You. It flows to the ground and You offer your Blood in exchange for all offenses – You exchange life for death. Ah love, You have been reduced to such a sorrowful state! You are about to breathe your last. O my love, my sweet life, oh please, do not die! Raise your face from the ground which You wet with your most sacred Blood! Come into my arms! Let me die in your place!

But I hear the trembling and dying voice of my sweet Jesus that says: **“Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet not My will, but your will be done."**

It is now the second time I hear this from my sweet Jesus. But what do You make me understand from this *“Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from me?”* O Jesus, all the rebellions of souls advance toward You. You see that *“Fiat voluntas tua”* that is, *“Your will be done,”* which was to be the life of each creature, being rejected by almost all of them and, instead of finding life, they find death. And wanting to give life to all and to offer solemn reparation to the Father for the rebellion of souls, as many as three times You repeat: **“‘Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me’ – that is, the chalice of souls who, by withdrawing from Our Will, becoming lost. ‘Although this chalice of Mine is extremely bitter, [I repeat] not My will, but your Will be done.’”**

But while You say this, your bitterness is so intense and so overwhelming that You reach the point of death. You agonize, and are about to breathe your last. O Jesus, my love, since You are in my arms, I too want to unite myself to You. I want to offer reparation and partake in your Passion on account of all the faults and sins committed against your Most Holy Will, and I entreat You that I may always do your Most Holy Will. May your Will be my breath and my air; may your Will be my heart, my heartbeat, my thought, my life and my death. But, please, do not die! Where shall I go without You? To whom shall I

turn? Who will help me? It will spell the end for me! O please, do not leave me. Keep me in whatever condition You wish, as You best please, but keep me with You, always with You! May it never happen that I be separated from You, even for an instant! Rather, let me comfort You, offer You reparation and share in your Passion on behalf of all, as I see that all sins of every kind weigh upon You.

Therefore, my love, I kiss your *most sacred head.* And what do I see? I see all evil thoughts, and You feel disgust for them. For your most sacred head, each evil thought is a thorn which pierces You bitterly. Oh, the crown of thorns which the Jews will place on You cannot be compared with these thorns! How many crowns of thorns formed by the evil thoughts of souls are placed upon your adorable head, whereby your Blood flows everywhere, from your forehead and from your hair! Jesus, I unite myself to your Passion and intend to place upon You as many crowns of glory as there are evil thoughts. And to comfort You, I offer You all the angelic intelligences and your own intelligence to give You an act of compassion and of reparation for all.

O Jesus, I kiss your *sorrowful eyes*, and in them I see all the evil gazes of souls that make tears and Blood pour out over your face. I unite myself to your Passion and I intend to comfort your sight by placing before You all the pleasures forged by a union of love with You that are found in heaven and on earth.

Jesus, my love, I kiss your *most sacred ears*. And what do I hear? I hear in them the echo of horrendous blasphemies, shouts of revenge, and malicious gossip. There is not one voice which does not resound in your most chaste hearing. O insatiable love, I unite myself to your Passion and intend to comfort You by making resound in your ears all the harmonies of heaven, the sweetest voice of our dear mother, and the ardent accents of Magdalene and of all loving souls.

Jesus, my life, I want to impress a more fervent kiss upon *your face,* whose beauty has no equal. Oh, this is the face on which the angels, like cupids, desire to fix their gaze for the great beauty that enraptures them. Yet, souls sully it with spit, beat it with slaps and stomp on You. My love, what arrogance! I would like to shout so loudly that I may put them to flight! I unite myself to your Passion and, to offer reparation for these insults, I go to the Most Holy Trinity to ask for the kiss of the Father and of the Holy Spirit, and the divine caresses of their creative hands. I also go to our Heavenly Mother so that she may give me her kisses, the caresses of her maternal hands and her profound adorations. I offer You everything to make reparation for the offenses made to your most sacred face.

Beloved Jesus, goodness itself, I kiss your *most sacred mouth,* embittered from horrible blasphemies, from the nausea of drunkenness and gluttony, from obscene conversations, from prayers poorly recited, from evil teachings and from all the evil man does with his tongue. Jesus, I unite myself to your Passion and intend to sweeten

your mouth by offering You all the angelic praises and the good use of the tongue made by many holy Christians.

Jesus, my oppressed love, I kiss *your neck*, and I see it loaded down with ropes and chains on account of the attachments and sins of souls. I unite myself to your Passion, and offer You the indissoluble union of the divine Persons. Fusing myself in this union, I extend my arms to You and, forming a sweet chain of love around your neck, I wish to remove the ropes of these attachments that almost suffocate You and, to comfort You, I press You tightly to my heart.

Divine Fortress, I kiss your *most sacred shoulders.* I see them lacerated and your flesh almost torn to pieces by the scandals and the evil examples of souls. I unite myself to your Passion and, to comfort You, I offer You the most holy examples of your life, the examples of our Holy Queen Mother and those of all the saints. And letting my kisses flow over each one of your wounds, O my Jesus, I desire to enclose in them souls who, on account of scandals, have been snatched from your Heart, and so re-join the flesh of your most sacred humanity.

My laboured Jesus, I kiss *your bosom,* which I see wounded from the insipidness, lukewarmness, lack of correspondence and ingratitude of souls. I unite myself to your Passion and, to offer You comfort, I offer You the reciprocal love of the Father and the Holy Spirit – the perfect correspondence of the three divine Persons. And immersing myself in your love, O my Jesus, I intend to

shelter You to shield You from the new blows that souls direct against You with their sins. I take your love and intend to wound them with it, so that they may never again dare to offend You, and I pour it out over your bosom to comfort and heal You.

Beloved Jesus, I kiss your *creative hands.* I see all the evil actions of souls which, like as many nails, pierce your most sacred hands. Therefore, You remain pierced, not with three nails as on the Cross, but with as many nails for as there are evil works of souls. I unite myself to your Passion and, to comfort You, I offer You all the holy works and courage of the martyrs who gave their blood and life for love of You. In a word, O my Jesus, I intend to offer You all good works in order to remove from You the many nails of all evil works.

O Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred feet,* always untiring in searching for souls. In them You enclose all the steps of souls, but You feel many of them run away and You wish to stop them. With each of their evil steps You feel a nail being driven into You, and You intend to use these very nails to nail them to your love. The pain You feel and the effort You make to nail them to your love is so intense and so overwhelming that You tremble all over. My God and my love, I unite myself to your Passion and, to comfort You, I offer You the steps of all faithful souls who expose their lives in order to save souls.

O Jesus, I kiss *your Heart.* You continue to agonize, not for what the Jews will make You suffer, but for the pain

that all the offenses of souls cause You. In these hours You want to give primacy to love, the second place to all sins for which You expiate, offer reparation, glorify the Father and appease the Divine Justice, and the third to the Jews. In this way You show that the Passion the Jews will make You suffer is nothing but the representation of the double, most bitter Passion which love and sin make You suffer. And this is why I see, all concentrated in your Heart, the lance of love and the lance of sin. I see that You await the third lance, the lance of the Jews. Your Heart, stifled in its love, suffers violent convulsions, impatient yearnings of love, desires that consume You and enflamed heartbeats that seek to give life to every heart.

And it is exactly here, in your Heart that You feel all the sorrows souls cause You. Such souls, with their evil desires, disordered affections and profane heartbeats, instead of desiring your love, seek out other [inordinate] loves. Jesus, how much You suffer! I see You faint,[43] submerged by the waves of our iniquities. I unite myself to your Passion and seek to comfort the bitterness of your Heart thrice pierced, by offering You the eternal sweetness and the sweetest love of our dear mother Mary, as well as those of all your truly beloved souls.

And now, my Jesus, let my poor heart draw life from your Heart, so that I may live only with your Heart. In each offense You are to receive, let me be ever ready to

[43] Cf. footnote 34, p. 10 re. the Italian word for "faint" (*"svenire"*).

offer You unceasing solace, comfort, reparation and acts of love.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In the second hour in Gethsemane all sins from all times of the past, present and future, present themselves before Jesus, and He loads upon himself all these sins to give complete glory to the Father. So, Jesus Christ expiated, prayed and experienced all our moods in his Heart without ever ceasing to pray. Do we always pray in whatever mood we may be, whether we are feeling cold on the inside, hardened in heart or tempted? Do we offer up to Jesus the pains of our soul in reparation to console him? Do we imitate Jesus completely by acknowledging that whatever [discomforting] mood we are in is sharing in Jesus' pain? We must place our discomforts around Jesus as a [vicarious] sharing of his own pain, and offer him compassion and consolation. And if possible we must say to him, "You have suffered too much. Take up your rest, as we will suffer in your place."

Do we lose heart or do we remain at the feet of Jesus with courage, offering him all that which we suffer, so that Jesus may find his own humanity in us? Otherwise put, are we a reflection of his humanity for his glory?

What did the humanity of Jesus do? It glorified his Father, expiated and pleaded for the salvation of souls. And do we enclose within ourselves these three intentions of Jesus in everything we do, so as to be able to say, "We

enclose within ourselves the complete humanity of Jesus Christ?”

In our moments of darkness, do we form the intention of making the light of truth shine in others? And when we pray with fervor, do we form the intention of melting the ice of many hearts hardened by sin?

O my Jesus, in order to offer You compassion and consolation from the total exhaustion in which You find yourself, I rise up to heaven and make your divinity my own and, placing it around You, I intend to shield You from all the offenses of souls. I offer You your own beauty to shield You from the ugliness of sin. I offer You your own holiness to shield You from the horror of the sins of all those souls who are dead to grace and who make You feel repugnance. I offer You your own peace to shield You from the discords, rebellions and disturbances of all souls. I offer You your own harmonies to shield your hearing from the waves of many evil voices. Beloved Jesus, I intend to offer You as many divine acts of reparation as there are offenses that assault You and wish to give You death. I intend to give You life with your own acts. Then, O Jesus, I want to cast a wave of your divinity upon all souls, so that at your divine contact, they may no longer dare to offend You. Only in this way, O Jesus, will I be able to offer You compassion for all the offenses You receive from souls. O my Jesus, sweet life of mine, may my prayers and pains rise always toward heaven, so that the light of grace may rain upon all and absorb your own life in me.

Seventh Hour

11 PM

Third hour of the Agony in the Garden

Beloved Jesus, goodness itself, my heart can no longer bear it. I look at You and I see that You continue to agonize. Blood flows from your body in large rivulets and with such abundance that unable to remain standing, You fall into a pool of Blood... O my love, my heart breaks in seeing You so weak and exhausted! Your adorable face and your creative hands press against the ground and are smeared in your own Blood. It seems to me that in exchange for the rivers of iniquities souls send You, You offer rivers of Blood to drown these sins in it, and with your Blood You offer to each soul the seal of your forgiveness. But, O my Jesus, please stand up. What You suffer is too much. Your love has done enough!

And while my beloved Jesus seems to be dying in his own Blood, love gives him new life. I see him move with difficulty. He stands up and, soaked as He is with Blood and mud, it seems as if He wants to walk but, not having strength, He strains as He drags himself. Sweet life of mine, let me carry You in my arms. Are You perhaps going to your dear disciples? But what sorrow your adorable Heart experiences in finding them asleep again!

And with a trembling and feeble voice, You call upon them: **"My sons, do not sleep! The hour is near. Can you not see this sorrowful state to which I have been reduced? Oh, I ask for your help; do not abandon Me in these extreme hours!"**

And almost staggering, You are on the verge of collapsing right next to them, so John extends his arms to support You. You are so unrecognizable that if it wasn't for the tenderness and sweetness of your voice, they would not have recognized You. Then, exhorting them to prayer and vigilance, You return to the garden, but with a second blow to your Heart. In this blow, my love, I see all the sins of those souls who, in spite of all the favours received from You – your gifts, kisses and loving finesses – in the night of trial they forget about your love and gifts, and grow drowsy and sleepy, thus abandoning the spirit of unceasing prayer and vigilance.

O my Jesus, it is indeed true that after having seen You and after having enjoyed your gifts, it takes great obstinacy to choose to be without them. Only by a miracle are such [deprived] souls capable of enduring their hour of trial. Therefore, as I partake of your Passion on behalf of those souls whose negligence, carelessness and offenses form the most bitter pains for your Heart, I entreat You to surround them with so much grace that it stops them from taking a single step that might displease You in the least, and that keeps them from losing the spirit of unceasing prayer!

My dear Jesus, as You return to the garden the sorrow You endure seems unbearable; You raise your face to heaven soaked with Blood and soil, and repeat for the third time:

"Father, if it is possible let this chalice pass from Me. Holy Father, I implore your help! Do not deprive Me of your comfort! It is true that the sins that weigh upon Me make Me nauseating, repugnant and the least among men before your infinite majesty. Your justice is turned against Me, but look at Me, O Father, I am always your Son who is one with You. Please, I implore your help, O Father, have mercy! Do not deprive Me of your comfort!"

O beloved Jesus, goodness itself, I now seem to hear You call upon your dear mother:

"Sweet mother, hold Me in your arms as you did when I was a child! Let Me receive from you the milk I once suckled to refresh Me and sweeten the bitterness of My agony. Lend Me your heart which formed My complete joy. Dear mother, Magdalene, dear Apostles and all you who love me: I implore your help and comfort! Do not abandon Me in these extreme moments, but gather all around like a crown to offer Me the comfort of your loving company!"

Jesus, my love, who can resist seeing You in these extreme conditions? What heart could be so hard as to not break upon seeing You drowned in so much Blood? Who

would not weep torrents of bitter tears upon hearing [the voice of] your sorrowful accents in search of help and comfort?

O my Jesus, You are finally able to find consolation, as I see the Father sending an angel to console and assist You – to put an end to your state of agony and [give You the strength to] place yourself in the hands of the Jews. While You are with the angel, I shall go around heaven and earth; allow me to take your Blood that You have shed and administer it to all souls as the pledge of each one's salvation, and then bring You in exchange for your consolation their affections, heartbeats, thoughts, steps and works.

My Heavenly Mother, I come to you in order to go to all souls and give to them Jesus' Blood. Sweet mother, Jesus seeks to be comforted and the greatest comfort we can give him is to bring him souls. Magdalene, accompany us! All angels, come and see the sorrowful state to which Jesus has been reduced! He seeks to be comforted by all of us and his state of exhaustion is such that He will refuse no one.

O my Jesus, while You drink of the chalice full of intense bitterness the Heavenly Father sends You, I hear You sigh, moan, grow delirious and, with a stifled voice, utter:

"Souls, souls, come and offer Me your comfort! Take a place in My humanity. I desire your salvation

and I long for you! O please, do not be deaf to My voice, do not allow My ardent desires, My Blood, My love and My sorrows to be offered in vain! Come souls, come!"

My delirious Jesus, each one of your moans and sighs forms a wound in my heart that allows me no rest. So I make your Blood, your Will, your ardent zeal and your love my own and, going around heaven and earth, I visit all souls to administer to them your Blood as a pledge of their salvation; I do so to bring them to You to requite [on their behalf] your consuming flames of love that makes You delirious, and to sweeten the bitterness of your agony; as I do this You accompany me with your gaze.

My mother, I come to you, for Jesus desires souls in order to be comforted. Therefore, extend to me your maternal hand and let the both of us go throughout the whole world in search of souls. In Jesus' Blood let us enclose the affections, desires, thoughts, works and steps of all souls, and let us cast the flames of his Heart into their souls so that they may surrender. By this means, enclosed in his Blood and transformed within his flames, we will gather souls around Jesus to relieve the pains of his most bitter agony.

My guardian angel, precede us. Go and dispose souls who must receive Jesus' Blood, so that not one drop of his Blood may remain without its abundant effects. Dear mother, hurry, let us go in search! I see that Jesus's gaze follows us and I hear his repeated sobs pushing us to hasten our task.

And here we are mother – within a few steps we are already at the door of the houses where the sick are lying. How many people there are who suffer in their limbs – so many, in the atrocity of their convulsions, burst into blasphemies and try to take their own lives. O mother, I hear Jesus' sobs as He sees dearest and loving designs that are intended to lead souls to share in his sufferings and partake in his likeness, repaid with offenses. Let us administer to these souls his Blood that it may provide them with what help they need and, with its light, make them understand the value of suffering which [when united to Jesus' sufferings] enables them to acquire his likeness.

And please, my dear mother, place yourself near these souls, so that as an affectionate mother, You may touch their suffering limbs with your maternal hands and relieve their pains. Take these souls into your arms and pour torrents of grace from your Heart upon all of their pains. May you provide company for the abandoned and console the afflicted. For those who lack the necessary means, dispose generous souls to help them; for those who find themselves under the weight of convulsions, may you obtain relief and comfort, so that relieved, they may bear with greater patience whatever Jesus disposes for them.[44]

Let us enter into the rooms of the dying... Dear mother what terror. How many souls are about to fall into hell! How many, after a life of sin, want to give the last

[44] This paragraph is not present in the 5th Italian edition published by Luisa's confessor Rev. B. Calvi.

sorrow to Jesus' repeatedly pierced Heart by crowning their last breath with an act of desperation.

Many demons are around them, striking into their hearts terror and fright of the divine judgments and waging war against them in their final assault to lead them to hell. These demons seek to unleash and envelop them in the infernal flames and prevent them from turning to hope in God's salvation.[45]

Others, entangled by the bonds of earth, are unable to resign themselves to take the final step [toward God]. Please, O mother, these moments are extreme, they need much help. Don't you see how they convulse, how they squirm amid agonizing convulsions, how they ask for help and pity? The earth has already disappeared for them. Holy mother, place your maternal hand upon their icy foreheads to receive their last breaths.[46] Holy Mother, let us administer[47] to each of the dying the Blood of Jesus, so that

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[45] This paragraph is not present in the 5th Italian edition published by Luisa's confessor Rev. B. Calvi.

[46] This sentence is not present in the 5th Italian edition published by Luisa's confessor Rev. B. Calvi.

[47] The mystical reality of Mary and Luisa *administering* the precious Blood of Jesus to others is predicated on the timeless merits of Jesus' redemptive Blood. To Luisa Jesus makes it abundantly clear that if the eternal operation of his Divine Will did not empower his human will, he could not have redeemed all souls (L. Piccarreta, volume 14, June 15, 1922). Jesus from eternity possesses a divine nature and a Divine Will whose operation is eternal ("*eternal mode*"). Because the eternal operation of Jesus' Divine Will has neither beginning nor end, it is capable of embracing while transcending all time and space and impacting all souls.

putting the demons to flight, it may dispose them all to receive the last Sacraments and to have a good and holy death. For comfort, let us administer to them the [fruitful effects of] Jesus' agonies, so that when Jesus judges them, He may find them covered with his own Blood and

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Therefore, Luisa's assertion of Mary and herself *administering* Jesus' precious Blood to souls of different times and places (of the past, present and future), presupposes a participation of the redeemed human will in Jesus' said transcendent ability by virtue of the eternal operation of his Divine Will (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 18, October 24, 1925; vol. 12, April 8, 1918).

While Jesus is the "one mediator" (1 Tim. 2:5) who redeems all souls through the meritorious shedding of his Blood, such Blood was rendered timeless by the eternal operation of his Divine Will. In Luisa's text it is clear that the human will of Mary (from the moment of her Immaculate Conception) and that of Luisa (since her reception of the gift of Living in the Divine Will) continuously cooperated with the same eternal operation of God's Divine Will that continuously cooperated with Jesus' human will.

Inasmuch as Mary and Luisa administered to all souls Jesus' Blood (which redeems man from sin) in the same eternal mode of operation (which renders the redemption timeless – cf. Ibid., volume 14, June 15, 1922) of Jesus' Divine Will, they may be said to have cooperated in Christ's work of Redemption. The implications of this 11pm hour of Mary and Luisa administering Jesus' Blood to all souls are monumental, as they introduce the reader to the human creature's ability to cooperate with Christ in his work of Redemption. Pope Benedict XV summarizes this theology as follows: *"...It may be justly said that she (Mary) together with Christ has redeemed the human race"* (Apostolic Letter, *Inter Sodalicia,* March 22, 1918). The Vatican II Council document also affirms: "*Rightly therefore the holy Fathers see her (Mary) as used by God not merely in a passive way, but as freely cooperating in the work of human salvation... St. Irenaeus says, she 'being obedient, became the cause of salvation for herself and for the whole human race'"* (*Lumen Gentium*, N. 56, November 21, 1964).

abandoned in his arms and, therefore, grant his forgiveness to them all.

Let us continue to go around, O mother. Let your maternal gaze look with love upon the earth to have compassion on the many poor souls that need Jesus' Blood. Dear mother, I feel compelled by Jesus' searching gaze to run, as He desires souls. I hear his moans in the depth of my heart repeating to me: **"My child, help Me, bring Me souls!"**[48]

O mother, look how the earth is filled with souls who are about to fall into sin, and Jesus bursts into tears, as He sees his Blood undergo new profanations. It would take a miracle to prevent their fall. Therefore let us administer to these souls the Blood of Jesus so that they may find in it the strength and the grace not to fall into sin.

With yet another step, O mother, we find souls already fallen into the guilt of sin. Jesus loves them, but He looks at them with horror, as they are covered with mud which intensifies his agony. Let us administer to them the Blood of Jesus that contains life so that they may rise again, and rise much more beautifully and cause all heaven and earth to rejoice.

Let us continue on, O mother. Look, there are souls who carry the mark of perdition – souls who sin and run away from Jesus, who offend him and in despair turn from

[48] This paragraph is not present in the 5th Italian edition published by Luisa's confessor Rev. B. Calvi.

his forgiveness. Let us administer to them the Blood of Jesus so that it may erase from them the mark of perdition and impress upon them the mark of salvation. May Jesus' Blood place in their hearts such confidence and love that it makes them run away from sin and cast themselves at the divine feet of Jesus, where they may cleave to them, never to detach themselves from him again.

Look, O mother, there are good and innocent souls in whom Jesus finds his delight and rest in creation. But others are around them with many snares and scandals... Let us seal and surround their innocence with the Blood of Jesus like a defensive wall, so that sin may not enter them. By this means, we will put to flight whoever may wish them to become sullied with sin, and we will keep them spotless and pure so that in them Jesus may find his rest and delight.

And now, let us run dear mother to the regions of those who have separated themselves from the Church and of those who are not Christian, especially those who find themselves at the point of death... Jesus who is the life of all cannot find in them the slightest act of love in return – He is not acknowledged by his own children. O mother, let us administer to them the Blood of Jesus, let us bring them around Jesus like many orphaned and exiled children who have returned to their Father, whereby Jesus may feel comforted in his most bitter agony.

O mother, let us take the Blood of Jesus and administer it to all souls: To the afflicted, so that they may

be comforted; to the poor, so that they may discover and love the treasure contained in their poverty; to those who are tempted, so that they may obtain victory; to unbelievers, so that the virtue of faith may triumph in them; to the blasphemers, so that they may turn their blasphemies into benedictions; to Priests, so that they may understand their mission and be worthy ministers of Jesus... Let us administer to the souls in purgatory Jesus' Blood, as they ardently cry out and implore his Blood which will admit them to heaven.

O mother, don't you hear their moans, their loving sighs, their torments and how they feel continuously drawn to their Greatest Good? See how Jesus himself wants to purge them more quickly in order to have them with him. He attracts them with his love and they requite him by making continuous flights toward him; but as they find themselves in his presence, unable to sustain the purity of his divine gaze, they are compelled to draw back and plunge themselves again into the purifying flames.[49]

And now, let us fly to heaven and give the Blood of Jesus to all the angels and saints for their greater [accidental] glory, so that they may thank Jesus and pray for us... And may you, O mother, allow me to administer this Blood also to you for your greater [accidental] glory, to bathe you in new light and impart to you new joys, and descend from you upon all creatures so that you may

[49] This paragraph is not present in the 5th Italian edition published by Luisa's confessor Rev. B. Calvi.

convey to them the grace of salvation [that Jesus had purchased for all].

May you administer this Blood to me also [dear mother]. You know how much I need it. With this Blood may you purify me, heal me and enrich my poverty. May you make this Blood flow in my veins, and [actualize in me the fruits of] Jesus' entire life. May it descend into my heart and transform it into Jesus' own Heart, such that having embellished me, Jesus may discover in me all of his joys.

Agonizing Jesus, your life is about to end, as I can already hear you experiencing the death rattle; I see your beautiful eyes eclipsed by your approaching death and all of your most sacred limbs have become limp. I often hear You stop breathing, and my heart breaks with sorrow. I hug You and, as I do, I feel You are ice cold. I shake You, but You give no sign of life! Jesus, are You dead? Afflicted mother, angels of heaven, come; let us weep over Jesus. Don't allow me to go on without him, for I cannot! I press him tightly to myself and I hear him take another breath, and another, but He gives no sign of life! I call him: "Jesus, Jesus, my life, do not die! I already hear the clamour of your enemies who are coming to take You. Who will defend You like this?" And Jesus, being moved, comes back to life, as it were, and looking at me, says:

"Oh soul, are you here? Have you witnessed My sorrows and the many deaths I endured? Know that in these three hours of the most bitter agony in the garden, I enclosed within Me all the lives of all souls, and I

endured all of their pains and their very death, while giving My own life to each of them. My agonies will sustain theirs; My bitterness and My death will turn into a fount of sweetness and life for them. How much souls cost Me! How comforted I would be if they would only correspond! You have seen that while I was dying, I would return to life and breathe again: These were the deaths of souls I felt within Me!"

My exhausted Jesus, since You also wanted to enclose my life in You, and therefore also my death, I beseech You for the sake of your most bitter agony to assist me at the moment of my death. I have given You my heart as a refuge and a resting place, my arms to sustain You and I placed my entire being at your disposal. And oh, how gladly I would give myself into the hands of your enemies to die in your place! O life of my heart, at the moment of my death may You come and requite me with all that which I have given You: Your company, your Heart as a bed and a resting place, your arms as my support, and your laboured breath as my relief. And may You do this in such a way that in breathing, I will breathe through your breath which, like purifying air, will purify me of any stain and will dispose me to enter eternal beatitude.

Also, my sweet Jesus, actualize in my soul the fruits of your own most sacred humanity, so that in looking at me, You may see me through yourself and, in looking at yourself, You may find nothing in me to judge me. Then You will bathe me in your Blood, clothe me with the spotless garment of your Most Holy Will, adorn me with

your love and, giving me the last kiss, take me from this earth to heaven. And what I have asked for myself, I ask for all those who agonize... But I see that your enemies are near, and You want to leave me and approach them... So, pressing myself tightly to your Heart, I assure You that I will never leave You. I will follow You, and I ask You for your blessing.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In this third hour of Gethsemane, Jesus asked for help from heaven. His sorrows were so great that He asked to be comforted by his disciples. And do we always ask for help from heaven in sorrowful circumstances? And if we also turn to others, do we do this in [the divine] order and with those who can comfort us in a holy way? Are we at least resigned if we do not receive the consolations we were hoping for, by availing ourselves of the insipidness of others in order to abandon ourselves all the more into the arms of Jesus? Jesus was comforted by an angel. And can we say that we are the angels of Jesus by remaining around him to comfort him as we partake in his sorrows? However, to be Jesus' true angel, it is necessary to receive sufferings as if they were sent by him, and therefore as divine sufferings. Only then can we dare to console a God so embittered. Otherwise, if we receive pains in a human way, we cannot use them to comfort the Man-God, and therefore we cannot be his angels.

In the sorrows Jesus sends us, it is as though He also sends us the chalice in which we must place the fruit of these sorrows. These sorrows, endured with love and resignation, will turn into a most sweet nectar for Jesus. In every sorrow we should say: "Jesus is calling us around him to be his angels. He wants our comfort, and so He allows us to share in his sorrows."

Jesus, my love, in my sorrows I look for your Heart in which to rest, and in your sorrows I intend to give You shelter with my sorrows, so that in requiting them I may be your consoling angel.

Eighth Hour

12 AM

Jesus is betrayed and arrested

O my Jesus, it is already midnight. You hear your enemies draw near and with resignation You dry the Blood from yourself and, strengthened by the comforts received, You return to your disciples. You call them, admonish them and take them with You as You go to meet your enemies. Your promptness bears with it the intention of offering reparation for my tardiness, indolence and laziness in working and suffering for love of You.

But, O sweet Jesus, my love, what a touching scene I see! You first meet the perfidious Judas who, drawing near You and throwing his arms about your neck, greets You and kisses You. And You, most passionate love, do not disdain to kiss those infernal lips. You embrace him and press him to your Heart, wanting to snatch him from hell, You offer him expressions of new love.

O my Jesus, how is it possible not to love You? The tenderness of your love is such that it should snatch every heart and make them love You. Yet, they do not love You! And You, O my Jesus, in bearing this kiss of Judas, offer reparation for the betrayals, pretences and deceptions under the aspect of friendship and sanctity, especially of Priests.

Your kiss then shows that You would refuse no sinner your forgiveness, provided he approaches You humbly.

My most tender Jesus, You now give yourself into the hands of your enemies, giving them the power to make You suffer in whatever manner they choose. I too, O my Jesus, give myself into your hands so that You may freely do with me as You so choose. And with You, I want to follow your will, share in your reparations and endure your sufferings. I want to be around You always so that there may be no offense for which I do not offer reparation, no bitterness which I do not comfort, and no spittle or blows You receive that are not followed by one kiss and caress of mine. In the falls You will suffer my hands will always be ready to help lift You up. So, I want to be with You always, O my Jesus. I do not want to leave You alone, not even for one second. And to ensure You of my company, I ask you to place me inside of You so that I may be in your mind, in your gazes, in your Heart and in your entire being. In this way, whatever You do I shall also do. I will be your faithful companion such that none of your sufferings may escape me, and I shall offer You my requital of love in all things.

Beloved Jesus, goodness itself, I will be at your side to defend You, to learn your teachings and to number, one by one, all of your words. Oh, how sweetly does the word with which You addressed Judas descend into my heart: **"Friend, why have you come?"** And I believe that You address me too with these same words – not calling me friend, but by the sweet name of child: **"Child, why have**

you come?", to hear me answer: "Jesus, I have come to love You."

When I wake up in the morning You repeat to me, **"Why have you come?"**; when I pray You repeat to me, **"Why have you come?"**; when I come to receive You into my heart in the Sacred Host You repeat to me, **"Why have you come?"**

What a beautiful call for me and for all souls! But how many to your **"Why have you come?"**, answer: "I come to offend You!" Others, pretending not to hear You, give themselves over to all kinds of sins and answer your **"Why have you come?"** by going to hell! I completely unite myself to your Passion, O my Jesus! I would like to take the very ropes with which your enemies are about to bind You and bind these souls to spare You this sorrow.

But as You go to meet your enemies, I hear your most tender voice which again says, **"Who are you looking for?"** And they answer: "Jesus the Nazarene." And You say to them: **"It is I."** With only these words You say everything and You reveal yourself for who You are, and your enemies tremble and fall to the ground as though dead. And You, love who has no equal, repeating again, **"It is I"**, call them back to life, and of your own accord You freely give yourself into the power of your enemies. Instead of humbly falling at your feet and gratefully asking your forgiveness, they instead with perfidious ingratitude abuse your goodness and, despising your graces and prodigies, seize You, bind You with ropes and chains, throw You to

the ground, stomp on You and pull at your hair. And You, with unheard-of patience, remain silent, suffering and offering reparation for the offenses of those who, in spite of miracles, refuse to surrender to your grace and become more obstinate.

With these ropes and chains You implore from your Father the grace to snap the chains of our sins, and bind us with your sweet chain of love. And lovingly You correct Peter, who wants to defend You to the point of cutting off the ear of Malchus. With this, You intend to offer reparation for good works that are not done with holy prudence, or which end in sin on account of excessive zeal.

My most patient Jesus, it seems that these ropes and chains confer something more beautiful upon your divine Person: Your forehead becomes so much more majestic that it draws the attention of your enemies themselves; your eyes blaze with more light; your divine face assumes such a supreme peace and sweetness that it enchants your very executioners. With your sweet and penetrating accents, though few, You make them tremble, so much so that if they dare to offend You it is because You yourself allow it.

O enchained and bound love, how is it possible that You could ever allow yourself to be bound for me, making a greater display of your love toward me, while I, your little child remain without chains? Nothing of the kind; on the contrary, with your most sacred hands, I bid You bind me with your own ropes and chains.

Therefore I beg You, as I kiss your *divine forehead*, to bind all of my thoughts, my eyes, my ears, my tongue, my heart, my affections and my entire being. And together with me, bind all souls, so that in feeling the sweetness of your loving chains, they may never again dare to offend You.

Sweet Jesus, goodness itself, it is now one o'clock in the morning. My mind begins to doze off. I will do my best to stay awake, but if sleep overtakes me, [may my intention supply for my company, as] I leave myself within You to follow You in whatever You do; or rather, may You yourself [supply for my company and] act in my stead. So in You I leave my thoughts to defend You from your enemies; my breath as cortege and company; my heartbeat to constantly remind You that I love You and to make up for the love others fail to give You; the drops of my blood to offer You reparation and to return to You the honour and esteem your enemies will try to take from You with insults, spit and slaps.

Beloved Jesus, I ask for your blessing. Let me sleep in your adorable Heart so that from your heartbeats, accelerated by love or by sorrow, I may often awake, so as not to interrupt our company. Let us make this agreement, O Jesus.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus promptly gave himself into the hands of his enemies, seeing the Will of the Father in them. In the deceptions and betrayals of others, are we ready to forgive like Jesus? Do we accept from the hands of God all the evil we receive from others? Are we ready to do all that Jesus wants from us? In the crosses and difficult situations of life, can we say that our patience is like that of Jesus? My enchained Jesus, may your chains bind my heart and keep it still, disposing it to endure anything You desire.

Ninth Hour

1 AM

Jesus is thrown into the Cedron stream and leaves a rock marked with his Most Precious Blood

My dear Jesus, goodness itself, in between my vigils and sleep my poor mind follows You. How can I give into sleep when I see that everyone, even the Apostles themselves, flee You and leave You to yourself? Even fervent Peter, who a little while ago said he wanted to give his life for You, and the beloved disciple whom, with so much love, You allowed to rest upon your Heart flee You – oh, everyone abandons You and leaves You at the mercy of your cruel enemies!

O my Jesus, You are left to yourself! Your purest eyes search about to see if at least one of those favoured by You is following You to prove to You his love and to bear witness to You. And as You see that no one, no one has remained faithful to You, your Heart breaks and You burst into tears. You experience more sorrow for the abandonment of your most faithful ones, than for the way in which the enemies themselves treat You. Beloved Jesus, do not cry; rather, let me cry with You. And sweet Jesus seems to say:

“**Oh, child, let us weep together for the plight of so many souls consecrated to Me who, over little trials**

or difficulties in life, no longer care for Me and abandon Me; for the many timid and cowardly souls who, for want of courage and trust, abandon Me; for the many Priests who, not finding their returned favour from such holy things as the administration of the Sacraments, no longer care for me; for those who preach, celebrate and confess for the love of personal interests and for their own glory, while appearing to be with Me, always leave Me... Oh, My child, how hard this abandonment is for Me! Not only do My eyes cry, but My Heart bleeds! O please, I entreat you to assuage My bitter sorrow by promising that you will not leave Me."

"Yes, O my Jesus, I promise, helped by your grace and with the firmness of your Divine Will [never to leave You alone]!" O Jesus, while You cry over the abandonment of your dear ones, the enemies spare no outrage in the way they treat You. O my love, bound and tied as You are, to the point that You cannot so much as take one step by yourself, they stomp on You and drag You along paths so strewn with rocks and briers that with every slightest movement of yours You bang against the rocks and are pierced by the briers. O my Jesus, I see that as they drag You, You leave behind your precious Blood and your golden hair which they tear from your head! My life and my all, allow me to gather these up so that [with them] I may bind all the steps of souls who spare You [no sorrow] even at night-time, but use the night to offend You more – some for gatherings, others for pleasures, some for theaters, and yet others for committing sacrilegious thefts! Beloved

Jesus, I unite myself to You to offer You reparation for all these offenses.

O my Jesus, we are now at the Cedron stream, and the perfidious Jews prepare to throw You into it. They do so and make You bang against a rock with such violence as to make You shed your most precious Blood from your mouth, whence You leave your Blood impressed on that rock. Then, pulling You, they throw You down into those putrid waters in such a way that they enter into your ears, your mouth and your nostrils. Oh, unreachable love, You remain inundated and submerged in those putrid, nauseating and cold waters. In this way, You represent vividly the heart-rending state of souls when they commit sin! Oh, they are so besmirched with a mantle of filth on the inside and out that it disgusts heaven and whoever beholds them, thereby drawing down upon themselves the lightning of Divine Justice!

Oh Jesus, my wellspring of life, can there be any greater love? In order to remove from us this mantle of filth, You allow your enemies to throw You into this stream, and You endure everything to offer reparation for the sacrileges and insipidness of souls who receive You sacrilegiously, and who, more than the stream, force You to enter into their hearts and make You feel all of the nausea their souls produce! You also permit these waters to penetrate deep into your organs, so much so that your enemies, fearing You may drown and in order to spare You for greater torments, pull You onto your feet; but You are

so disgusting that they themselves feel nausea in touching You.

My tender Jesus, You are now out of the stream. My heart cannot bear seeing You so drenched with those nauseating waters. On account of the cold waters You shiver from head to foot. You look around, searching with your gaze (as You cannot do so with your voice) for at least one soul who would dry You, clean You and warm You. But, in vain – no one is moved to pity; your enemies mock and deride You, your own have abandoned You and your sweet mother is far away because the Father has disposed it so.

Here I am, O Jesus, come into my arms. I want to cry so much as to form a bath for You to wash You, clean You and, with my hands, fix your hair which is all disheveled. My love, I want to enclose You in my heart to warm You with the warmth of my affections; I want to perfume You with my holy desires; I want to offer reparation for all of these offenses and fuse my life in yours to save all souls. I want to offer You my heart as a place of rest and be able to somehow comfort You from the pains You have suffered up till now, and then we will continue together in the way of your Passion.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In this hour Jesus abandoned himself to the mercy of his enemies who reached the point of throwing him into the Cedron stream. But the humanity of Jesus looked at all of them with love, bearing everything for love of them. And do we abandon ourselves to the mercy of God's Will?

In our weakness and falls, are we ready to stand up again to throw ourselves into the arms of Jesus? Tormented Jesus was thrown into the Cedron stream, feeling suffocation, nausea and repugnance. And do we abhor any stain and shadow of sin?

Are we ready to give shelter to Jesus in our heart, so as not to make him feel the nausea other souls give him through their sins, and to compensate for the nausea that we ourselves have given him many times? My tormented Jesus, do not spare me any sorrow, but let me be the object of your divine and loving designs.

Tenth Hour

2 AM

Jesus is presented to Annas

Jesus, be always with me. Sweet mother, together let us follow Jesus. Beloved Jesus, divine sentry, seeing that You are without me, You watch over me from within your Heart, and You awaken me so that I might accompany You to the house of Annas.

You are now at the moment in which Annas questions You about your doctrine and your disciples. And You, O Jesus, in order to defend the glory of your Father, open your most sacred mouth and, with a resounding and dignified voice, answer: **"I have spoken in public, and all those who are present have heard Me."**

At your dignified words and moving accent all tremble, but their duplicity is so great that a servant, wanting to honour Annas, comes close to You and with a fierce hand gives You a slap, but so violent as to make You stagger and to bruise your most sacred face. Now I understand, my sweet life, why You awoke me. You were right. Who would sustain You at this moment as You are about to fall?

Your enemies burst into satanic laughter, whistling and clapping – applauding such an unjust act. And You stagger and have no one to lean on. Beloved Jesus, I hug

You, or better, I form a defensive wall with my being and courageously offer You my cheek, ready to bear any pain for love of You. I unite myself to your Passion in this unjust act and, with You, I offer reparation for the temerity of many souls who become so easily discouraged. I offer reparation for all those who, out of fear, do not speak the truth, for the lack of respect owed to Priests and for murmurings.

But, my afflicted Jesus, I see that Annas sends You to Caiaphas. Your enemies hurl You down the stairs and You, my love, in this painful fall, offer reparation for those who at night-time fall into sin in the cover of darkness, and You call those who have separated themselves from your Church and the unbelievers to the light of faith.

I wish to follow You also in these reparations on the way to Caiaphas, and I send You my sighs to defend You from your enemies. While I sleep, continue to be my sentry, and wake me up whenever You need to. I ask for your blessing and a kiss. I kiss your Heart and in it I continue my sleep.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus, brought before Annas, is questioned by him about his doctrine and about his disciples. He answers about his doctrine in order to glorify his Father, but He does not mention his disciples so as not to fail in charity. And are we fearless and courageous when it comes to glorifying the Lord, or do we let ourselves be won over by human respect? We must always say the truth, even in front of distinguished people. In our speaking do we always look for the glory of God? In order to exalt the glory of God do we bear everything with patience like Jesus? Do we always avoid speaking ill of our neighbour and do we excuse him if we hear that others run him down?

Jesus watches over our heart. Do we watch over the Heart of Jesus, so that He may not receive any offense which has not been repaired by us? Do we watch over ourselves in everything so that each one of our thoughts, gazes, words, affections, heartbeats and desires may, like many sentries around Jesus, watch over his Heart and offer reparation for all of his offenses? And if we do this, do we entreat Jesus to watch over each one of our acts and assist us in watching over our hearts? Every act that we do in God is a divine life that we deposit within ourselves. And since we are very limited while God is immense, we cannot enclose God in our simple act; but we can multiply them as much as we can in order to at least enlarge our capacity of understanding and love.

Are we ready to answer when Jesus calls us? The call from God can make itself heard in many ways: through inspirations, the reading of good books, one's example, etc. One may also experience it tangibly through grace and even in the intemperate changes of weather.

My sweet Jesus, may your voice resound always in my heart; may everything that surrounds me on the inside and out be a continuous voice that calls me to love You always; may the harmony of your divine voice prevent me from hearing any other distractive human voice.

Eleventh Hour

3 AM

Jesus is presented to Caiaphas

My afflicted and abandoned good Jesus, while my weak nature sleeps in your sorrowful Heart, my sleep is often interrupted by the pangs of love and sorrow of your Divine Heart... Between [my] vigils and sleep I hear the blows your executioners give You, and upon awakening I say, "My poor Jesus, abandoned by everyone, there is no one who defends You!" So from within your Heart I offer You my life to sustain You as they shove You around. And I fall asleep again, but another pang of love of your Divine Heart wakes me up, and I am deafened by the insults they shout at You; I hear their whispered plots against You and the shouting and scurried footsteps of the people.

My love, how is it that they are all against You? What have You done to make them want to tear You to pieces like many rabid wolves? In hearing the plotting of your enemies, I feel my blood freeze and I tremble in anguish thinking of what to do to defend You. But my afflicted Jesus, keeping me within his Heart, presses me more tightly to himself and says:

"My child, I have done nothing wrong, and yet I have done everything: Mine is the crime of love that contains all sacrifices and love of immeasurable cost.

We are still at the beginning. Remain in My Heart while observing everything, loving Me, remaining silent and learning. Let your ice-cold blood flow in My veins so as to refresh My Blood which is all in flames. Let your trembling flow within My limbs, so that assimilated to Me, you may be strengthened, warmed and experience part of My sorrows and, in seeing Me suffer so much, you may acquire strength. This is the most beautiful defense you can provide for Me. Be faithful and attentive to Me."

Sweet love of mine, the clamor of your enemies is so intense and overwhelming that I can no longer sleep. The shoves become more violent. I hear the noise of the chains with which they bound You so tightly that your life Blood flows from your wrists and marks the streets... Remember Jesus that my blood is in yours; as You shed your Blood, mine kisses it, adores it and offers it reparation.

My love and my all, may your Blood be a light to all those who offend You at night and a magnet to draw all hearts round You. While they drag You, the air is filled with shouts and whistles. And You arrive before Caiaphas; You are the perfect icon of meekness, modesty and humility. Your sweetness and patience are so [magnanimous] that they cause even your enemies to tremble. And Caiaphas, seething with rage, seeks to utterly destroy You. Oh, how well innocence and sin are here distinguished!

My love, You are before Caiaphas as the guiltiest of all and are in the act of being condemned. Caiaphas asks the witnesses what your crimes are. Oh, he should rather have inquired about your love! And some accuse You of one thing, others of another, speaking nonsense and contradicting themselves. As they accuse You, the soldiers who are near You tear your hair and unload such horrible slaps on your most sacred face that they resound throughout the whole room. They twist your lips and hit You while You remain silent and suffer. And if You look at them, the light of your eyes descends into their hearts where, unable to sustain your gaze, they step away from You, but others take their place to make You suffer greater torments.

Among the many accusations and offenses I witness, You attune your ears, your Heart pounds heavily and it is about to break with sorrow... Tell me, my afflicted good Jesus, what is it? I see that your love is so great that You eagerly anticipate your enemies torments and offer it up for our salvation. With complete peacefulness your Heart makes reparation for slanders, hatred, false witness and for the premeditated evils against the innocent. Through these torments You make reparation for those who incite instigations in order to mistreat those over whom they hold authority and for the offenses of ecclesiastics. And while I am united to You, following your own reparations, I experience in You a new sorrow that You have not experienced before. Tell me, tell me, what is it? Share with me everything, O Jesus.

"Child, do you wish to know? I hear the voice of Peter who says he does not know Me. Then he swears time and again, he swears and condemns the idea of ever having known Me. Oh Peter, how could you do this? You do not know Me? Don't you remember the many gifts with which I fully endowed you? Oh, if others make Me die of pains, you make Me die of sorrow! Oh, how wrong it was of you to follow Me from a distance, thereby exposing yourself to the occasions of sin!"

In the meantime, your enemies continue to accuse You. In seeing that You do not answer their accusations, Caiaphas says to You; **"I adjure you by the living God, tell me, are You really the true Son of God?"**

And You, my love, having the word of truth always on your lips, with Supreme Majesty and in your gentle and resounding voice – such that all are struck, and the very demons plunge themselves into the abyss – reply: **"You have said so; Yes, I am the true Son of God, and I will one day descend on the clouds of heaven to judge all nations [of the earth]."**

At your creative words, all remain silent and shudder with fear, but Caiaphas, recovering after a few moments of fright, completely enraged, more than a fierce animal, exclaims to all: "What need do we have of more witnesses? He has already uttered a great blasphemy! What more are we waiting for to condemn him? He is already guilty of death!"

And to give more strength to his words he tears his clothes with such rage and fury that all, as though one, hurl themselves at You my love. Some punch your head, others tear your hair, some slap You, others spit on your face and yet others stomp on You. The torments they impose on You are so intense and overwhelming that the earth trembles and the heavens are shaken.

My love and my life, Jesus, as they torment You my poor heart is lacerated with the sorrow. O please, allow me to come out from within your Sorrowful Heart to face all these offenses for You. Oh, if it were possible, I would snatch You from the hands of your enemies, but You do not desire this, as the salvation of all requires your sacrifice, and I am forced to resign myself. But, sweet love of mine, let me tidy You up, fix your hair, remove the spittle, dry your Blood and enclose myself in your Heart. I now see that Caiaphas has grown tired and wants to withdraw, and so he delivers You into the hands of the soldiers.

I bless You, and I ask You for your blessing and for the kiss of your love. I enclose myself in the furnace of your Divine Heart to sleep. I place my mouth on your Heart, so that as I breathe I may kiss You and, with the fluctuations of your heartbeats that vary in intensity, I may sense whether You are suffering or resting. Therefore with my arms, as if they were wings to keep You sheltered, I hug You and I cling to your Heart as I now sleep.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus, presented to Caiaphas, is unjustly accused and subjected to unheard-of tortures. When questioned He always says the truth. And when the Lord allows us to be slandered and unjustly accused, do we look only to God who knows our innocence, or do we rather beg the esteem and honour of creatures?

Does the truth always arise on our lips? Are we opposed to all deceptions or lies? Do we bear with patience the mockeries and troubles others give us? Are we ready to give our life for their salvation? O my sweet Jesus, how different I am from You! Please, let my lips speak always the truth, so as to wound the hearts of those who listen to me and lead everyone to You!

Twelfth Hour

4 AM

Jesus in the hands of the soldiers

Jesus, my most sweet life, in clinging to your Heart as I sleep, I often feel the piercing of the thorns that penetrate your Most Sacred Heart. I grow desirous to awaken to You so that You may have at least one soul who acknowledges all of your sorrows and unites herself to your Passion; whence I press myself more tightly to your Heart. In feeling more vividly the piercing thorns, I wake up and what do I see? What do I hear? I would like to hide You in my heart to suffer in your place and receive your intense suffering, insults and unimaginable ridicule. Only your love could bear so many outrages... My most patient Jesus, how could one expect anything less from such inhuman people?

I now see them mocking You, as they cover your face with such thick spittle that it veils the light of your beautiful eyes, but in pouring forth rivers of tears for our salvation, You drive that spittle away. And your enemies, with hearts incapable of withstanding the light of your eyes, cover them again with more spittle... Others, becoming more arrogant and evil, open your most sweet mouth and fill it with more nauseating spittle, to the point that they themselves feel nauseated; since some of it flows away, revealing in part, the majesty of your face and supernatural sweetness, they shudder and are moved to shame. So to

[stifle their shame and] unleash themselves more freely on You, they blindfold You with a miserable rag and, unrestrainedly, hurl themselves on your adorable Person. They beat You without pity, they drag You, stomp on You, repeatedly strike and slap your face, and unleash blows on your head; they scratch You, tear your hair and shove You from one place to next.

Jesus, my love, my heart cannot bear seeing You undergo so many torments. You want me to observe everything, but I prefer to rather cover my eyes and not see such painful scenes that would tear the heart from anyone’s chest. And yet, my love for You compels me to observe what You are forced to endure. I see that You take not so much as one breath to prepare a word in your defense while You are like a ragdoll in the hands of these soldiers who can treat You in whatsoever manner they choose. And in seeing them stomp on You I fear You may die beneath their feet.

Jesus, my love and my all, the sorrow I feel for your suffering is so great that I want to shout so loudly as to make myself heard up in the heavens to call the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the angels; I wish to make my voice heard to all corners of the earth; I wish to call our sweet mother first, and then all souls who love You, so that forming a circle around You, we may prevent these insolent soldiers from drawing near You to insult You and torment You yet more. Together with You, we make reparation for all the sins committed at night, especially those of sectarians who desecrate You in [the consecrated Host of]

your Sacramental Person, and for all the offenses of souls who do not remain faithful in the night of trial.

But I see, my insulted good Jesus that the soldiers, tired and drunk, now wish to rest and, my poor heart oppressed and lacerated by so many of your torments, does not wish to remain alone with You – it feels the need of the company of another. O please, my sweet mother, be my inseparable companion. Let us embrace Jesus together and console him! O Jesus, together with our mother, I kiss You and I bless You and, with her, I will take my sleep of love upon your adorable Heart.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In this hour Jesus is among the soldiers like flint, with iron constancy. As God, He suffers all the strains the soldiers put him up against, and looks at them with so much love that He seems to invite them to inflict on him yet more torments. And are we constant when we endure repeated trails, or do we complain, get irritated and lose our peace – that peace of the heart which is necessary to allow Jesus to find a happy dwelling within us?

Firmness is that virtue that makes us know whether or not God really reigns in us. If we possess true virtue, we will be firm in our trials with a firmness that is not subject to inconstancy, but that is unchanging. The more we become firm in the good, in suffering and in work, the more we are able to impact all souls around us in whom Jesus will expand his grace. Therefore, if we are inconstant, our capacity to impact creation will be small and Jesus will have little or no space in us. But if we are firm and constant, Jesus will find in us a very large capacity, his bulwark, support and a place in which to extend his grace.

If we want our beloved Jesus to rest in us, let us surround him with his own firmness with which He operated for the salvation of our souls. Being sheltered, He will remain in our heart and there take up his sweet rest.

Jesus looked with love at those who mistreated him. Do we look at those who offend us with the same love? Is the love

we show to them so great that it becomes a voice for their hearts, and so powerful that it converts them to Jesus? Beloved Jesus, boundless love, grant me this love and let each pain of mine beckon souls to You.

Thirteenth Hour

5 AM

Jesus in prison

Jesus, my prisoner of love, I have awakened, but I cannot find You. With loving sighs my heart beats so heavily. Tell me, where are You? Angel of mine, lead me to the house of Caiaphas. And I look all around, time and again, and search everywhere, but Jesus I do not find You. My love, hurry; with your hands move the chains with which You keep my heart bound to yours and draw me to Yourself, so that I may take my flight and throw myself into your arms. And You Jesus, my love, wounded by my voice and desiring my company, draw me toward You. I now see that they have placed You in prison. My heart exults with joy in finding You, but is wounded with sorrow in seeing You reduced to such an agonizing state.

Your hands are tied behind You to a column and your feet are tightly bound. Your most sacred face is bruised, swollen and bleeding from the horrible slaps You received. Your most pure eyes are black and blue, your pupils are tired and afflicted from the night's vigil, your hair is completely dishevelled, your most sacred Person crushed and You cannot even move a muscle to clean the Blood from your face, as You are bound.

And I, dear Jesus, with sobs and clinging to your feet, say: "Alas, Jesus, they have reduced You to such a sorrowful state!" And Jesus, looking at me, answers: "**Oh My child, come and listen closely to everything you see Me do, so that you may cooperate in everything I do and allow Me to continue My life in you.**"[50]

To my amazement, I now see that instead of occupying yourself with your pains, with indescribable love You think about glorifying your Father to requite him for all that we owe him. You call all souls around You to take all of their evils upon yourself and give them all the blessings You possess. Since the day is dawning, I hear your most sweet voice say:

"Holy Father, I give You thanks for all I have suffered and for all that is left for Me to suffer. Just as this dawn calls the day and the day makes the sun rise, so may the dawn of grace arise in all hearts. As the daylight rises, may I, the Divine Sun, arise in all hearts and reign in them. O Father, do You see these souls? I want to answer You on their behalf – for their thoughts, words, works and steps, even at the cost of My own Blood and death."

O my Jesus, fathomless love, I unite myself to You and I too thank You for all that You have made me suffer, and for all that is left for me to suffer. And I beg You to

[50] Jesus' invitation to Luisa "to cooperate in everything I do" supports the theological position that the redeemed human creature may assist Christ in his work of Redemption.

make the dawn of grace arise within all hearts, so that You, the Divine Sun, may rise again in all hearts and reign in them.

But I also see, my sweet Jesus, that You make reparation for all the first thoughts, affections and words at the rising of the day that are not offered to your honour. And You call to yourself, as a pledge, the thoughts, affections and words of souls in order to make reparation for them and give to the Father the glory they owe him.

O my Jesus, Divine Master, since you and I have one hour to ourselves in this prison and we are alone, not only do I want to do what You are doing, but I wish to first clean You, fix *your hair* and then fuse myself completely in You. So I draw near your *most sacred head* and in rearranging your hair, I offer reparation for the many minds that are distraught, cluttered with earthly things and that fail to offer You the slightest thought.

Fusing myself in *your mind*, I reunite all the thoughts of souls within You, [especially] the many stifled interior lights and inspirations, and I fuse them in your thoughts where I may discover sufficient reparation for all evil thoughts. I bind as one all thoughts with yours and offer You true reparation and perfect glory.

My afflicted Jesus, I kiss *your eyes*, sad and filled with tears. Having your hands bound to the column, You cannot dry them nor remove the spittle with which they have sullied You. And since the position in which they

bound You is so excruciating, You cannot close your tired eyes to rest. My love, I gladly offer You my arms as a bed to give You rest. I therefore dry your eyes, ask for your forgiveness and offer reparation for all the times we have not had the aim of pleasing You – of looking at You to see what You desire of us, what You would like us to do and what path You would like us to follow. I fuse my eyes in your eyes and in those of all souls, and with your own eyes I offer reparation for all the evil we have done with our sight.

My compassionate Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred ears*, tired from the insults of the whole night and, much more so, from the echo of all the offenses of souls that resounds in your ears. I ask for your forgiveness, and I offer reparation for all the times when You called out to us, but we have either chosen to be deaf to your voice or pretended not to hear You. And You, my weary and good Jesus, have repeated your calls to us, but in vain! I fuse my ears in yours and that of all souls to offer You continuous and complete reparation.

Beloved Jesus, I adore and kiss your *most sacred face*, all bruised from the violent slaps. I ask for forgiveness and I offer reparation for all the times You have called us to offer reparation, while we have instead joined your enemies and have given You slaps and spittle. Beloved Jesus, I want to fuse my face in yours to restore your natural beauty and offer You full reparation for all the contempt You receive in your adorable majesty.

My embittered good Jesus, I kiss your *most sweet mouth*, wounded by blows and parched with love. I fuse my tongue in your tongue and in the tongues of all souls, and with your own tongue I offer reparation for all sins and evil conversations. My thirsty Jesus, I wish to unite all voices to yours as one, so that when we are about to offend You, your voice may flow in that of all souls to stifle the voices of sin and turn them into voices of praise and love.

Enchained Jesus, I kiss *your neck*, oppressed with heavy chains and ropes that, running from your chest to the back of your shoulders and passing through your arms, keep You bound ever-so tightly to the column... Your hands are already swollen and blackened from the tight pressure of the knots, so much so that from various parts Blood flows forth. O please, allow me to release You my bound Jesus. If You love to be bound, allow me to bind You with the sweet chains of love which, instead of making You suffer, shall comfort You...

And as I release You from these fetters, I fuse myself in your neck, in your chest, in your shoulders, in your hands and in your feet to offer reparation with You for all attachments and, in their place, offer You all the chains of your love. By this means, I will be able to offer reparation with You for the insipidness of all souls and fill the hearts of all with your fire [of love] that already fills You to the point where You can no longer contain it. I also offer reparation with You for all illicit pleasures and love of comforts in order to infuse in everyone the spirit of

sacrifice and joy that is found in suffering [when united to your suffering].

I fuse myself in *your hands* to offer reparation for all evil works, for good works that are done badly and with presumptuousness, and to convey to all the fragrance of your [good] works.

I fuse myself in *your feet,* to block all the [misguided] steps of souls, and I offer reparation for them to convey to all of them your steps so that their steps may be directed toward performing holy works.

Finally, my sweet life, as I fuse myself in *your Heart,* allow me to enclose all the affections, heartbeats and desires of souls, whereby I may offer along with You reparation on their behalf, and infuse in everyone your affections, heartbeats and desires so that no one may offend You ever again.

But I hear the creaking noise of a key: Your enemies are now coming to take You out of prison, and I tremble Jesus; I feel my blood run cold. You will again be in the hands of your enemies. What will happen to You? I also seem to hear the creaking of the keys of Tabernacles. How many desecrating hands come to open them and maybe even make You descend into sacrilegious hearts? Into how many unworthy hands are You compelled to find yourself! Jesus my prisoner, I wish to be with You in all [the Tabernacles that constitute] your prisons of love, and

with You when ministers release You so as to keep You company and offer reparation for the offenses You receive.

I see that your enemies are near, while You greet the rising sun on this last day [of yours] on earth. As they release You, in seeing You with a completely majestic aura and looking at them with so much love, they in turn unload onto your face slaps that are so violent that it becomes red with your Most Precious Blood.

Jesus, my love, before leaving this prison, in my sorrow I ask for your blessing to obtain the strength to follow You for the rest of your Passion.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In prison, tied to a pillar and immobilized, Jesus is smeared with spittle and mud. He looks for our soul to keep him company. And are we happy to be alone with Jesus, or do we look for the company of creatures? Is Jesus alone our only breath and our only heartbeat?

In order to make us become like him, beloved Jesus binds our souls with aridity, oppressions, sufferings and with other kinds of mortification. Are we happy to be bound by Jesus in that prison in which his love places us, that is, in obscurity, oppressions and the like?

Jesus is in prison. Do we feel the firmness and promptness to imprison ourselves within Jesus for love of him? Afflicted Jesus longed for our soul in order to be untied and sustained in the painful position in which He found himself. Do we long for Jesus alone to come and keep us company, to free us from the chains of every passion and to bind us with the stronger chains of his Heart? Do we offer up our suffering as a cortege around suffering Jesus in order to remove from him the spittle and mud that sinners offer him? Jesus prays in prison. Is our prayer constant with that of Jesus?

My enchained Jesus, You became a prisoner for love of me, and I beseech You to imprison my mind, my tongue, my heart and my entire being within You, so that I

may have no freedom and You may have absolute Lordship over me.

Fourteenth Hour

6 AM

Jesus is again before Caiaphas, who condemns him to death and sends him to Pilate

Sorrowful Jesus, You are now out of prison. You are so exhausted that You stagger at each step. I intend to place myself at your side to sustain You when I see that You are about to fall. But I see that the soldiers take You before Caiaphas, and You, O my Jesus, reappear in their midst like the sun; even though You are disfigured, You shed light everywhere. I now see that Caiaphas is filled with glee upon seeing You reduced to such a [pitiful] state. At the reflections of your light he becomes more blinded and, in his fury, he asks You again: “So, are You really the true Son of God?”

And You, my love, with supreme majesty, with the grace of your word and in your usual sweet and moving accent that enraptures their hearts, answer: “**Yes, I am the true Son of God.”**

And your enemies, though feeling all the power of your word within themselves, stifle it completely, refuse to hear anymore and with one voice cry out: “He is guilty of death, he is guilty of death!”

Caiaphas confirms the death sentence and sends You to Pilate. And You, my condemned Jesus, accept this

sentence with such love and resignation that You almost snatch it from the iniquitous pontiff. You offer reparation for all the sins committed deliberately and with complete malice, and for those who, instead of blaming themselves for the evil they commit, rejoice and exult in sin itself – which renders them obstinate and blind to the light of grace. Jesus my life, your reparations and prayers echo in my heart and I offer reparation and pray with You.

My sweet love, I see that the soldiers, having lost what little remaining esteem they had for You, upon hearing You sentenced to death, grab You, add ropes and chains and bind You so tightly that it makes it virtually impossible for your divine Person to make the slightest movement. So pushing You and dragging You, they remove You from the palace of Caiaphas.

Crowds of people await You, but there is no one to defend You. And You, my Divine Sun, come out and into their midst longing to envelop everyone with your light. As You take your first steps, desiring to enclose the steps of all souls within yours, You pray and offer reparation for those who take their first steps to act with evil intentions – some to exact revenge, others to steal, some to betray and yet others to kill, and so forth... Oh, how all these sins wound your Heart! And in order to prevent so much evil, You pray, make reparation and offer up your entire self.

But, as I follow You I see that at the moment You descend from the palace of Caiaphas, You, my Sun Jesus, encounter beautiful Mary, our sweet mother... Your gazes

meet and wound each other. Although You feel relieved in seeing each other, new sorrows arise. For You, Jesus, see your beautiful mother pierced with sorrow, pale and enveloped with mourning, while you, dear mother, see your Divine Sun eclipsed and covered with so much opprobrium, weeping and covered in Blood. However, [on account of the soldiers] You cannot enjoy your exchange of gazes for long. With the sorrow of being unable to say even one word to each other, your Hearts say everything, as your Hearts are fused together – one within the other. And on account of the soldiers who shove You Jesus, You are both forced to interrupt your exchange of gazes.

So, trampled upon and dragged, You arrive before Pilate. Beloved Jesus, I unite myself to your pierced mother in following You to fuse myself in You along with her. Grant me Jesus your gaze of love, as I ask for your blessing.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus’ day begins by being brought before Caiaphas. He confirms with firmness that He is the Son of God. When we begin our day, do we let ourselves be directed by Jesus? Is our composure an example to others, and our steps like magnets which call souls around Jesus? The whole life of Jesus is one continuous crying out to souls. If we conform ourselves to his will, that is, if our feet call out to souls as they walk, if our heartbeats, echoing the divine heartbeats, harmonize and plead for souls, and so on with regard to the rest of our being, our operating in this way will form Jesus’ own humanity within us. Therefore, every time we cry out to souls, we acquire an additional trait that is imprinted within our soul by Jesus.

Is our life always constant or, with the changes we encounter does it change for the worse? Beloved Jesus, holiness which has no equal, guide me and let also my outward appearance reveal your whole divine life.

Fifteenth Hour

7 AM

Jesus is presented to Pilate, who sends him to Herod

My bound and good Jesus, your enemies together with the Priests present You to Pilate. Feigning sanctity and scrupulosity, they remain outside the praetorium on account of having to celebrate the Passover.[51] And You, my love, seeing the depth of their malice, offer reparation for all the hypocrisies of the religious body. I too offer reparation with You. And while You are concerned about their own good, they begin to accuse You before Pilate, fomenting all the poison they have against You.

Showing himself unsatisfied with the accusations they make against You, Pilate calls You aside to find a reason for which to condemn You and, he alone interrogates You and asks You; "Are You the King of the Jews?" And You, Jesus, my true King, answer: **"My Kingdom is not of this world, otherwise thousands of legions of angels would defend Me."** And Pilate, moved

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[51] To keep themselves ritually clean in order to eat the Passover meal, the Jews do not enter Pilate's praetorium, so Pilate's discussion with them occurred outside the praetorium at *the pavement* (Jn. 19:3), the place of Pilate's judgment seat. The Jews make three accusations against Jesus, i.e., perverting the nations, forbidding the payment of tribute and sedition against the Roman Empire. Jesus enters Pilate's praetorium, where Pilate picks up on the third accusation and asks Jesus if he is a king. Pilate exits the *praetroium* and goes back to the *pavement* to publicly declare Jesus' innocence and fate.

and surprised by the sweetness and the dignity of your words, says to You; “So, You are a king?” And You reply: **“You say so. I am and I have come into the world to teach the truth.”**

Convinced of your innocence, and without wanting to know anything else, Pilate goes out to the pavement and says: “I find no guilt in this man.” Enraged, the Jews accuse You of many other things, and You remain silent. You do not defend yourself, but offer reparation for the weakness of the judges when they are faced by the arrogant – You offer reparation for their injustices, and You pray for the innocent, the oppressed and the abandoned. Then, seeing the fury of your enemies, Pilate sends You to Herod to get rid of You.

Jesus before Herod

My Divine King, I want to repeat your prayers and reparations as I accompany You to Herod. I see that your enraged enemies seek to devour You and, leading You among insults, mockeries and derisions, they make You arrive before Herod who, with growing conceit, asks You many questions. You do not answer him and do not even look at him. And Herod, irritated because his curiosity is not satisfied and humiliated by your long silence, declares to all that You are mad and mindless and orders that You be treated as such. And to mock You, he has You clothed with a white garment and delivers You into the hands of the

soldiers so that they may mistreat You in the worst way possible.

My innocent Jesus, no one finds You guilty – only the Jews, because their feigned religiosity does not permit the light of truth to shine in their minds. Beloved Jesus, infinite wisdom, it costs You so much to be declared insane! The soldiers abuse You: They cast You to the ground, stomp on You, cover You with spittle, despise You and with rods they beat You with so many blows that You feel You are about to die. The pains, the ridicule and the humiliation they force You to experience are so overwhelming that the angels weep and cover their face with their wings.

My Jesus declared mad, I too want to call You mad, but mad with love. Your madness for love is so great that, instead of becoming upset, You pray and offer reparation for the ambitions of kings and leaders who aspire to kingdoms to the destruction of nations, for the many massacres they cause, for many blood baths they incite to satisfy their own whims, and for the sins committed in courts, palaces and garrisons.

O my Jesus, how tender it is to see You pray and offer reparation while overwhelmed with so many outrages! Your voice resounds in my heart and I follow whatever You do. And now, let me place myself at your side, share in your pains and console You with my love. Driving away your enemies from You, I take You in my arms to refresh You, and I kiss *your forehead.*

My sweet love, I see they do not give You a moments' rest, for now Herod sends You to Pilate. If your coming here was painful, your going back will be more tragic, as I see the Jews are more furious than before and are determined to make You die at all costs.

Before You leave Herod's palace, I want to kiss You while You are overwhelmed with so much suffering to prove my love to You. And may You strengthen me with your kiss and with your blessing, so that I may follow You to Pilate.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

While presented to Pilate among many insults and scorns, Jesus always remains sweet. He disdains no one and tries to make the light of truth shine in everyone. Do we behave this way with everyone? Do we try to conquer our evil inclinations if someone does not sympathize with us? In dealing with others, do we always try to make Jesus known, and to make the light of truth shine in them? O Jesus, my sweet life, place your word on my lips and let me always speak with your tongue.

Clothed as a madman before Herod, Jesus remains silent and endures unheard-of sorrows. And when we are slandered, mocked, insulted or derided, do we think that the Lord wants to give us a [share in his sorrows and impart to us his] divine likeness? In the sorrows, the scorns and in all that our poor hearts may feel, do we think that it is Jesus who, with his touch, gives us sorrow, transforms us into himself and imparts to us his likeness? And as sorrows are repeated in us, does it not occur to us that perhaps Jesus, in looking at us, is not completely satisfied and, therefore, hugs us anew in order to make us completely like him? Following Jesus' example, can we say that we have dominion over ourselves and that, in adversities, we prefer to remain silent instead of answering? Or do we rather let ourselves be won over by curiosity? In whatever sorrow we experience, we should form the intention of pleading for souls in order to offer to Jesus a [divine] life. By placing

souls in the Will of God, our sorrows form a circle in which we enclose God and souls to unite them to Jesus.

My love and my all, may You alone have dominion over this heart of mine and keep it in your hands, so that in all my encounters I may copy within me your infinite patience.

Sixteenth Hour

8 AM

Jesus is dragged back to Pilate, Barabbas is preferred to Jesus and Jesus is scourged

My tormented Jesus, my poor heart follows You amidst anxieties and pains, and in seeing You clothed as a madman and knowing who You are – infinite wisdom who gives reason to all – I become delirious and exclaim: “How can this be? Jesus insane? Jesus a criminal? And as if this were not enough, You will now be placed after Barabbas!”

O my Jesus, unparalleled holiness, You again are now before Pilate. In seeing the sorrowful state to which You have been reduced, clothed as a madman and knowing that not even Herod has condemned You, Pilate becomes more indignant against the Jews and, even more convinced of your innocence, he does not wish to condemn You. And yet, wanting to give some satisfaction to the Jews, as if to appease their hatred, their fury, their rage and their ardent thirst for your Blood, he presents You along with Barabbas for them to choose from. But the Jews cry out: “We do not want Jesus released, but Barabbas!”

And Pilate, not knowing what to do to calm their rage, condemns You to the scourging. Beloved Jesus, your being placed last to all breaks my heart. And while the Jews occupy themselves with ensuring your death, You instead,

recollected within, are occupied with communicating life to us all. And as I attune my ears, I hear You say:

"Holy Father, look at Me your Son, clothed as a madman. May this [condition of mine] offer You reparation for the madness of the many souls who have fallen into sin. May this white garment with which I stand before You cleanse the many souls who clothe themselves with the sullied garments of sin... O Father, do You see their hatred, their fury and their rage toward Me; do You see their thirst for My Blood that nearly extinguishes in them all light of reason? I make reparation for all hatred, revenge, anger and murder, and I implore the light of reason for all.

My Father, look at Me again: Can there be any greater insult? They have preferred the greatest criminal to Me. I make reparation for all mundane preferences... Oh, the whole world is full of such mundane preferences: To Us some prefer their own vile interests, while others prefer honours; to Us some prefer vanities, while others prefer pleasures; to Us some prefer their own attachments, and others prefer their own honour; to Us some prefer to overindulge, while others prefer sin. As with one accord all of My children prefer the most mundane things to Us. And I am ready to accept them preferring Barabbas over Me in order to make reparation for souls preferring mundane things over Us."

O my Jesus, I feel like I am dying with sorrow and grief in seeing your great love amidst so many pains, and the heroism of your virtues before so many sorrows and insults. Your words and reparations resound in my poor heart like many wounds and, in my torment, I repeat your prayers and your reparations. Not even for one instant do I wish to detach myself from You, otherwise many of the things You do would escape me.

And now, what do I see? The soldiers take You to a pillar to scourge You. I follow You, my love, while You look at me with your loving gaze and infuse in me the strength to witness your painful torture.

Jesus is scourged

My most pure Jesus, You are now beside the pillar. Enraged, the soldiers untie You in order to bind You to it, but this is not enough. They despoil You of your garments in order to make a cruel massacre of your most sacred body... My love and my life, I feel I am about to faint from the sorrow of seeing You naked. You tremble from head to foot, and on your most sacred face appears a virginal blush. Your grief and exhaustion are so overwhelming that unable to stand, You are on the verge of collapsing at the foot of the pillar, but the soldiers sustain You to keep you from falling – not to help You, but so that they may bind You...

They take the ropes and bind your arms so tightly that they immediately swell and, from the tips of your

fingers Blood flows forth. Then, from the ring of the pillar they make ropes and chains pass around your most sacred Person all the way down to your feet. To be able to freely unleash themselves on You, they bind You to the pillar so tightly that You cannot move a muscle.

My despoiled Jesus, allow me to pour out my love on You, otherwise I cannot go on seeing You suffer so much. How can this be? You, who clothe all created things – the sun with light, the heavens with stars, the plants with leaves, the birds with feathers – are stripped! What arrogance! And my beloved Jesus, from the penetrating light of his eyes, tells me:

"My child, be silent. In order to make reparation for the many souls who strip themselves of every modesty, purity and innocence, it is necessary that I be despoiled of My garments. For such souls strip themselves of every blessing, of every virtue and even of My grace to cloth themselves with every vice and live viciously. With My virginal blush I make reparation for the many acts of dishonesty, laxity and indulgence in vice. Therefore, be attentive to everything I do, pray and offer reparation with Me, and be at peace."

Scourged Jesus, your love moves from one excess to another. I see that the executioners take whips and beat You so mercilessly that your entire most sacred body is swollen with welts. And the fierceness and fury with which they beat You is so violent that they have quickly exhausted their strength. But two more take their place and,

taking thorny rods, beat You so much that soon [the swollen welts are torn and rent and], rivers of Blood begin to pour forth from your most sacred body. They then beat your body all over forming furrows that, with greater blows, become transformed into gaping wounds. But this is not all. Two more take their place and, with hooked iron chains, continue the excruciating massacre. At the first blows, your flesh, already beaten and bloodied, tears open even more and falls to the ground in pieces exposing your bones, and so much Blood pours out that a pool of Blood forms around the pillar.

O my Jesus, my despoiled love, while You are under this storm of blows I cling to your feet to partake in your pains and be completely immersed with your most precious Blood. Each blow You receive is a wound to my heart that is further wounded when in attuning my ears I hear your groans, which are not heard [by others] as the air is filled with the storm of the blows. And in those groans, You say:

"All of you who love Me, come and learn the heroism of true love! Come and in My Blood overcome the thirst of your passions, your many ambitions, fleeting adventures, pleasures and exceeding sensuality! In My Blood you will find the remedy for all evils."

Your groans continue: **"O Father, behold Me completely bruised and broken under this storm of blows. And yet, this is not enough, as I wish to form as many wounds in My body as there are souls, so as to**

acquire for them a place in the heavens of My humanity. By this means, I will obtain their salvation within Myself and make them pass into the heavens of My divinity. My Father, may every blow of this scourging offer reparation before You for every kind of sin, one by one. As they strike Me, may these blows justify those who inflict them, may they strike the hearts of souls and speak to them of My love, to the point of compelling them to surrender to Me."

And as You say this, your love is as great as your sorrow, which almost incites the executioners to beat You more. Beloved Jesus, despoiled of your own flesh, your love crushes me to the point where I am beside myself. Your love does not grow weary, whereas the executioners are exhausted and cannot continue in your painful massacre.

They cut the ropes and You, almost dead, collapse in your own Blood. In seeing the shreds of your own flesh, You feel like dying of grief, as in those detached pieces of flesh You see condemned souls,[52] and your sorrow is so great that You gasp in your own Blood.

O my Jesus, allow me to take You in my arms to refresh You a little with my love. I kiss You, and with my

[52] The original Italian reads: *"anime riprovate".*

kiss I enclose all souls in You, so that not one soul may be lost.[53] And may I have your blessing.

[53] Throughout her text Luisa entreats Jesus not to allow any souls to be lost. While God predestines no one to go to hell (CCC, 1037), the Council of Florence acknowledges that humans who do not abide by the true faith are lost. The Church moreover teaches that at the moment of death the soul's judgment is "immediate" (cf. Councils of Florence and Lyons, and CCC arts. 1022, 1035), and it acknowledges the existence of hell and its eternity (CCC, 1035). Indeed, numerous approved private revelations affirm that some human beings are lost for eternity (cf. F. Kowalska, Diary of Divine Mercy, entry 741; cf. L. Piccarreta, *The Hours of the Passion*, 7pm hour, 10pm hour, 11pm hour, 1pm hour and 2pm hour). In light of the preceding, Luisa's above emphatic request is a petition in faith to an eternal God who can apply our finite prayers in his eternal Will to all souls of all time. It does not suggest that souls who have freely chosen to be lost may be ransomed from hell.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

From 8-9am Jesus is despoiled of his garments and subjected to the cruel scourging, and are we despoiled of everything? Jesus is tied to the pillar, and do we let ourselves be bound by love? Jesus is tied to the pillar, and yet we, not satisfied with the chains with which the Jews tied him, give him our own lashes with our sins, attachments and sometimes things that may in themselves be amoral or good. Despite our behaviour, with his merciful gaze Jesus beckons us to untie him. Do we not see in that gaze a reproach as we too have contributed to binding him? To comfort afflicted Jesus, we must first remove our own chains before we can remove, as we ought, the chains of other souls. Many times these little chains of ours are nothing other than little attachments of our own will to our self-love that is a bit resentful; to our little vanities which, forming a braid, painfully bind beloved Jesus.

Sometimes, taken by love for our poor soul, Jesus himself seeks to remove these chains from us so that we may not repeat his painful binding. Oh, when we complain for not wanting to be bound alone with Jesus, we cause him sorrow and force him to withdraw from us.

While our tormented Jesus suffers, He offers reparation for all the sins against modesty. And are we pure in mind, gaze, words and affections, so as not to add more

blows to that innocent body of his? Are we always bound to Jesus, so as to be ready to defend him whenever souls strike him with their offenses? My enchained Jesus, may your chains be my own, so that I may always feel You within me, and may You always feel me within You.

Seventeenth Hour

9 AM

Jesus is crowned with thorns, presented to the people that demand his crucifixion and is sentenced to death

O my Jesus, infinite love, the more I look at You the more I understand how much You suffer. You are already completely lacerated – not one part of your body is untouched. The executioners are enraged in seeing that despite so many pains You look at them with so much love, and that your loving gaze, forming a sweet enchantment like many voices, prays and implores for more pains and new sorrows. Despite their almost inhuman behaviour, they, compelled by your love, make You stand to your feet. Unable to stand by yourself, You collapse again in your own Blood and they, irritated with You, with kicks and shoves make You reach the place where they will crown You with thorns.

My love, if You do not sustain me with your gaze of love, I cannot go on seeing You suffer. I feel a shiver run through my bones, my heart throbs and I feel I am dying. Jesus, Jesus, help me! And my beloved Jesus says to me:

"My child, have courage, do not overlook any of My sufferings; be attentive to my teachings. I have to redo man in everything. Because sin has removed his crown from him and has crowned him with opprobrium

and grief, he cannot stand before My own majesty. Sin has dishonoured him and made him lose all rightful claims to [the] honours and glories [he once enjoyed]. I want to be crowned with thorns in order to place upon man's head the [royal] crown [he once possessed] and return to him all the rightful claims to all of the honours and glories [he once enjoyed]. My thorns will be reparations and voices before My Father to expiate man's many sins of thought, especially those of pride, and to act as voices of light and supplication for each created mind, so that they may not offend Me.[54] **Therefore, unite yourself to Me by praying and offering reparation with Me."**

Crowned Jesus, your cruel enemies force You to sit; they place a filthy purple mantle on You, take the crown of thorns and, with infernal fury, force it into your adorable head. Then, with a rod they strike your head, making the thorns penetrate into your forehead, with some penetrating your eyes, your ears, your skull and even the back of your neck. My love, what torment, what unspeakable pain! How many bitter deaths You endure!

Your Blood pours down upon your face in such a way that one sees nothing but Blood. But under those thorns and Blood, your most sacred face appears, radiant with sweetness, peace and love. And the executioners, wanting to complete the tragedy, blindfold You, place a

[54] *"...offend Me"* implies offending the Father also, who is one in nature with the Son.

reed in your hand as scepter and begin their mockery. They hail You, "King of the Jews", they beat You on the crown [of thorns they placed on You], and they slap You and say to You; "Guess who hit You!"

And You remain silent. You answer by offering reparation for the ambition of those who aspire to kingdoms, to offices and who seek honours, as well as for those whose misbehaviour in positions of authority cause the destruction of individuals and [harm to] those souls entrusted to them, while their evil examples push others toward evil and cause the loss of souls.

With this reed You hold in your hand, You offer reparation for so many works – good, but empty of the interior spirit and done with evil intentions. Through their insults and their blindfolding You, You offer reparation for those who ridicule the holiest things by discrediting and profaning them; You offer reparation for those who blindfold the sight of their intelligence in order to avoid seeing the light of truth. With this blindfold, You pray that the blindfolds of passions, of riches and of pleasures may be removed from us.

My King Jesus, your enemies continue with their insults. The Blood which flows from your most sacred head is so abundant that, reaching your mouth, it prevents You from letting me clearly hear your most sweet voice and from following what You are doing [interiorly]. I place myself in your arms to sustain your pierced and sorrowful

head, and I wish to place my head under these thorns to feel them pierce me...

And as I say this, with his loving gaze my beloved Jesus calls me, and I immediately cleave to his Heart and try to sustain his head. Oh, how beautiful it is to be with Jesus, even among a thousand torments! Whence He says to me:

"My child, these thorns declare that I want to be constituted king of every heart; to Me belongs all dominion. Take these thorns and let them pierce your heart. Let them remove from you all that which opposes Me, and then leave one thorn within you, as a seal to testify that I am your King and to prevent anything [that opposes Me] from entering you. Then, go to every heart and, piercing them, cast out all the smoke of pride and rottenness they contain, and make Me the king of all [hearts]."

My love, my heart breaks for having to leave You. So I entreat You, with your thorns to block my ears from hearing anything but only your voice; with your thorns cover my eyes from seeing anything but only You; with your thorns bedeck my mouth and silence my tongue from speaking anything that may offend You, so that it may freely praise and bless You in all things. O Jesus, my King, surround me with thorns so that they may guard me, defend me and keep my attention completely fixed on You. And now I wish to dry your Blood and kiss You, as I see that your enemies take You to Pilate who will condemn You to

death... My love, help me to follow your sorrowful way, and I ask You for your blessing.

Jesus is again presented to Pilate who shows him to the crowd

My crowned Jesus, wounded by your love and transfixed by your pains, my poor heart cannot live without You, so I search for You, and I find You before Pilate, once again. But, what a moving scene! The heavens are horrified, and hell trembles with fear and rage! Life of my heart, my gaze cannot bear the sight of You without making me die, but the enrapturing power of your love compels me to look at You so that I may well comprehend your pains. So, with tears and sighs, I contemplate You...

O my Jesus, You are nude and yet You are clothed, not with garments, but with Blood. Your body is a bloody mess, your bones are exposed and your most sacred face is unrecognizable... The thorns fixed in your most sacred head have penetrated your eyes and your face, and I see nothing but Blood which, pouring forth onto the ground, forms a pool of Blood at your feet...

O my Jesus, because of the way You have been reduced I can no longer recognize You! With [painful] convulsions you have reached the most profound state of excess in humility! Oh, I can no longer bear such a sorrowful sight; I feel myself dying. I would snatch You

from the presence of Pilate to enclose You in my heart and give You rest. I wish to heal your wounds with my love and bind the whole world in your Blood in order to enclose all souls in it and lead them to You as the conquest of your pains! O patient Jesus, it seems that You, straining to look at me through those thorns, say:

"My child, come into these bound arms of Mine, place your head on My Heart and experience sorrows yet more intense and embittered. For what you see on the outside of My humanity is but the outpouring of My internal sorrows. Listen closely to My heartbeats, and listen to Me as I offer reparation for the injustice of those who command; for the oppression they impose on the poor and the innocent; for the pride of those who, in order to preserve their positions [of authority], honours and wealth, close their eyes to the light of truth and do not hesitate to break any law to the detriment of their neighbour. With these thorns I wish to shatter the spirit of their ruling pride and, with the furrows these thorns create in My head, I wish to establish the pathways in their minds that lead to Me, whereby they may be completely reordered on the inside through the light of [My] truth. In My state of utter humiliation before this unjust judge, I want to make everyone understand that only through virtue is man constituted king of himself; I want to teach those who command others that only virtue united with upright knowledge, is worthy and capable of governing and ruling others, whereas without virtue, all honours are dangerous and

deplorable. My child, be the echo of My reparations and continue to be attentive to My sorrows."

My love, in seeing You reduced so badly, Pilate shudders and, deeply moved, exclaims: "How can there be so much cruelty in human hearts? Oh, this was not what I intended when I ordered him to be scourged!" Wanting to free You from the hands of your enemies, he seeks a more convenient way out and, mortified by the painful sight of You, he looks away from You and questions You again: "Tell me, what have You done? Your people have turned You over to me. Tell me, are You a king? What is your kingdom?"

At Pilate's barrage of questions, You beloved Jesus, do not answer, but recollected within, concern yourself with saving my poor soul at the cost of so many pains! Since You do not answer, Pilate adds: "Do You not know that it is in my power to release You or to condemn You?" But You, O my love, wanting to make the light of truth shine in the mind of Pilate, answer: **"You would have no power over Me had it not been granted you from above. Yet, those who gave me into your hands have committed a sin graver than yours."**

Irresolute as he is with his heart in a tempest, Pilate is almost moved by the sweetness of your voice and, thinking that the Jews would be more compassionate, decides to show You from the balcony with the hope that they, in seeing You in such a agonizing state, may have compassion and agree to have him release You. Sorrowful

Jesus, my heart faints in seeing You follow Pilate; You walk with difficulty, bent over under that horrible crown of thorns. Your Blood marks your steps. And as You go out [onto the pavement], You hear the tumultuous crowd awaiting your condemnation. Imposing silence, in order to call the attention of all and to be heard by all, Pilate, with repugnance, takes the two hems of the purple [mantle] which covers your chest and shoulders, he lifts it so that all may see to what a sorrowful state You are reduced, and says in a loud voice: "Ecce Homo! [Behold the Man!] Look at him! He no longer has the features of a man. Observe his wounds. He can no longer be recognized. If he has done evil, he has already suffered enough, or rather, too much. I already regret having made him suffer so much. Therefore, let us set him free."

Jesus, my love, allow me to sustain You, for I see that unable to stand under the weight of so many pains, You stagger. Oh, in this solemn moment your destiny is decided. At the words of Pilate, all become silent – in heaven, on earth, and in hell! And then, as though with one single voice, I hear the cry of all: "Crucify him, crucify him! We want him dead at all costs!"

Jesus, my life, I see You tremble. Their outcry for your death descends into your Heart and, among these voices, You recognize the voice of your dear Father, who says: **"My Son, your death is what My Will desires; it desires your death and crucifixion!"** Oh, You hear also your mother who, though pierced and sorrowful, echoes the words of your dear Father: "Son, I desire your death!" The

angels, the saints, hell – everyone, with one voice cries out: “Crucify him, crucify him!” There is not one soul who wants You alive. And oh, to my deepest embarrassment, sorrow and disdain, by an irresistible power I too feel compelled to cry out: “Crucify him!” O my Jesus, forgive me if I too, a wretched sinful soul, implore your death! But, I beg You to make me die with You. And You, O my tormented Jesus, are moved by my sorrow and You seem to say:

“My child, cleave to My Heart and take part in My sorrows and reparations. This is a solemn moment: My death or the death of all creatures must be decided. In this moment, two currents pour into My Heart. In the one current are souls who want Me dead because they know that in Me they will find the life they seek. Wherefore, by My accepting death for their sake, I exempt them from eternal damnation and open up gates of heaven to receive them... In the other current are souls who want Me dead out of hatred because they wish to confirm their own condemnation. Of these My Heart is lacerated and feels the death of each one of them and the very pains of hell... Oh, My Heart cannot bear these bitter sorrows, as I feel death with each heartbeat, with each breath, whence I keep repeating: ‘Why must so much Blood be shed in vain? Why the futility of My pains offered for so many?’ Oh, child, sustain Me, for I can no longer bear it. Come and take part in my sorrows, and may your life be a continuous

offering for the salvation of souls to relieve My ever-so excruciating sorrows!”

Jesus is condemned to death

Jesus, My heart, your pains are mine, and I echo your reparations. But I see that Pilate is astonished and hastens to say: “How can this be? Should I crucify your king? I find no guilt in him to condemn him.” But the Jews’ outcry fills the air: “We have no other king but Caesar, and if You do not condemn him, You are no friend of Caesar. He’s insane, completely insane! Crucify him, crucify him!”

Not knowing what else to do, and for fear of being deposed, Pilate has a basin of water brought to him and, washing his hands, he says: “I am not responsible for the Blood of this just man,” and he condemns You to death. But the Jews cry out: “May his Blood fall upon us and upon our children!” And in seeing You condemned, they rejoice, clap their hands, whistle and shout. And You instead, O Jesus, offer reparation for those who, finding themselves in high positions of authority, out of vain fear and to avoid losing their places of honour, break the most sacred laws without any concern for the destruction it may cause entire nations, and who favour the wicked while condemning the innocent. You offer reparation also for those who, having sinned, provoke God’s divine anger to punish them.

While You make reparation for these sins, your Heart bleeds with sorrow in seeing your chosen people

struck by the malediction of heaven itself, which they themselves, with full consent, have asked for and have sealed by condemning your own precious Blood![55] Oh, your Heart is about to break! Allow me to sustain your Heart in my hands, as I make your reparations and sorrows my own. And yet, your love pushes You to greater heights, as You impatiently gaze upon the Cross! My life, I will follow You, but for now rest in my arms. In a little while we will reach Mount Calvary together. So, remain in me, and I ask You for your blessing.

[55] It is a holy and pious practice to implore the *reversal* of this heavenly malediction placed upon the church's leaders at the time of Christ who invoked the Blood of Jesus upon "themselves and their children". This may be done by administering to them the same Blood of Jesus that redeems mankind and expiates sin in reparation on their behalf.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

From 9-10am Jesus is crowned with thorns, mocked as a king and subjected to unheard-of insults and pains. He makes reparations in a special way for the sins of pride. And do we avoid sentiments of pride? Do we attribute to God the good we do? Do we consider ourselves inferior to others? Is our mind always empty of all thoughts other than that of receiving God's grace? Many times we do not receive grace because our mind is cluttered with fleeting thoughts. And if our mind is not completely filled with God, we cause the devil to bother us and maybe even foment temptations. When our mind is filled with God, as the devil approaches us and not finding the place toward which to direct his temptations, confused, he flees. In fact, holy thoughts have so much power against the devil that, as he is about to approach us, they wound him like many swords and drive him away.

Therefore, we complain unfairly when our mind is bothered and tempted by the enemy. It is our poor vigilance that causes our enemy to assault us. He is spying on our minds in order to find little gaps and attack us. And we, instead of relieving Jesus with our holy thoughts and removing the thorns from him, ungratefully push them into his head and make him feel their pains more sharply. And so, grace remains obstructed and cannot carry out the crafting of its holy inspirations in our mind. Many times we do even worse. As we feel the weight of temptations,

instead of bringing them to Jesus and gathering them together to be burned in the fire of his love, we worry, grow sad and consider these very temptations.

Therefore, not only does our mind remain occupied with evil thoughts, but our entire poor being remains as though drenched with them, whereby it would almost take a miracle from Jesus to free us of them. Jesus looks at us through the thorns and, calling us, He seems to say: “Oh, My child, even you do not wish to cleave to Me. If you had come to Me sooner, I would have helped you to free you from these afflicted thoughts that the enemy has planted in your mind, and you would not have made Me so yearn for your return. I asked you to help Me in freeing you from these sharp thorns, but I waited in vain, as you were busy with the work of the enemy. Oh, how much less tempted you would be, if sooner you had come into My arm. For upon [coming to Me and] beholding Me, and not focusing on yourself, you would have been won over by [holy] fear, and the enemy would have immediately left you.”

O my Jesus, may your thorns seal my thoughts in such a way that my thoughts become one with your thoughts, and prevent the enemy from causing me any sort of temptation. When Jesus makes himself felt in our mind and in our heart, do we requite his inspirations, or do we waste them? Jesus is mocked as king. And do we respect all the holy things? Do we treat them all the reverence befitting them, as if we were touching Jesus Christ himself?

My crowned Jesus, let me feel your thorns so that I may understand from their sharp piercing how much You suffer, as I entreat You to be the king of my entire being. Shown from the balcony, Jesus is condemned to death by those people who had been loved and greatly benefited by him. Loving Jesus accepts death for us in order to give us life. Are we ready to accept any sorrow to prevent Jesus from being offended and from suffering? We should accept our sorrow for the sake of not allowing Jesus to suffer. Since He suffered infinitely in his humanity, and since we have to continue his life on earth, we must requite the pains of the humanity of Jesus Christ with our own pains.

How do we partake in the Passion of the pains Jesus suffers in seeing many souls being snatched from his Heart? Do we make his pains our own, so as to relieve him from all that He suffers? The Jews want him crucified so that He may die like a criminal, and that his name be effaced from the earth. Do we strive to let Jesus live on earth? With our acts, our example and our steps we must put a divine mark on the world, so that Jesus may be recognized by all and that, through our works, his life may have in us its divine echo, heard from one end of the earth to the other. Are we ready to give our own life so that beloved Jesus may be relieved of all his offenses, or do we rather imitate the Jews, people so much favoured – much like our own souls, so much loved by Jesus – and shout like them, “Crucifigatur” (Crucify him)?

My condemned Jesus, may I share in your condemnation which I accept for love of You. And to

console You, I fuse myself in You continuously in order to bring You to the hearts of all souls, to make You known to all and to give your life to all.

The Eighteenth Hour

10 AM

Jesus takes up the Cross and sets out to Calvary and is despoiled of his garments

O my Jesus, insatiable love, I see that You allow yourself no rest. I feel your sighs of love and your sorrows. Your Heart beats heavily, and in every heartbeat I feel explosions of love, tortures lovingly embraced – a self-sacrificial love.[56] And unable to contain the fire that devours You, You pant, moan and sigh, and in each moan I hear You say: **"Cross!"** Each drop of your Blood repeats: **"Cross!"** All of your sorrows, in which You are immersed as though in an interminable sea, repeat among themselves: **"Cross!"** And You exclaim: **"O beloved and longed for Cross, you alone will save My children, for in you I concentrate all My love!"**

Second crowning with thorns

Your enemies take You back into the praetorium, and remove the purple [mantle] to clothe You again with your own garments. But, alas, how much pain! It would be sweeter for me to die than to see You suffer so much! The

[56] The original Italian text reads: *"...sento scoppi, torture, violenze d'amore".*

garment remains snagged to your crown and they are unable to pull it off... So, with never-before seen cruelty, they tear them both off together – garment and crown. At this cruel tearing, many thorns break and remain stuck inside your most sacred head. Blood pours down in large rivulets and your pain is such that You moan. But the enemies, heedless of the tortures, clothe You with your own garment and violently press the crown back into your head. The thorns are driven anew into your eyes and into your ears – there is not one part of your most sacred head that is not pierced... Your pain is so overwhelming that You stagger under those cruel hands, shivering from head to foot; You are about to die among these atrocious and painful convulsions. With your languishing eyes filled with Blood, You strain to look at me, asking for my help amidst so much pain...

O my Jesus, King of Sorrows, let me sustain You and press You tightly to my heart. I want to take the fire that devours You to burn your enemies to ashes and rescue You, but You do not allow this. Your yearnings for the Cross become more ardent, and You quickly seek to immolate yourself on it, even for your enemies... As I press You tightly to my heart with You holding me tightly, You say to me:

“My child, let Me pour out My love. Offer reparation along with Me for those who appear to do good, but dishonour Me. These Jews clothe Me with My own garment to further dishonour Me before the people and convince them that I am a criminal. In appearance,

the act of clothing Me was good, but its purpose was evil. Oh, how many [on the outside appear to] do good deeds, [worthily] administer the Sacraments or [worthily] receive them, but do so with human and even evil motives. Good deeds done badly leads to callousness. And so, I wish to be crowned for a second time with thorns whose piercings are sharper than the first to shatter this callousness and, with My thorns, draw all souls to Myself. Oh, my child, this second crowning is much more painful than the first... I feel My head engulfed in thorns – with every movement I make and with every blow they inflict, I suffer many bitter deaths. With this I make reparation for malicious offenses, and for those who, in whatever circumstances they may be, instead of thinking of their own sanctification, waste and reject My grace and cause [the thorns to produce in] Me sharper piercings. I am therefore compelled to moan, to cry tears of Blood and sigh for man's salvation. Oh, I do everything to love them, but they do everything to offend Me! May there be at least you who will not abandon Me in My pains and reparations."

Jesus embraces the Cross

My tortured and good Jesus, with You I offer reparation and with You I suffer. I see that the people are restless and await You with fury. Your enemies hurl You down the stairs and force You to the Cross that is already

prepared, which You long for with many sighs. You lovingly gaze on the Cross and, with a firm step, approach it and embrace it. But, before carrying the Cross, You kiss it and a shiver of joy runs throughout your most sacred humanity. You gaze on the Cross yet again with the greatest joy, measure its length and breadth. In it You already establish the portion for each soul – the dowry to bind them to the divinity with a bond of marriage, and make them heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. Then, unable to contain your love for them, You kiss the Cross again, saying:

"Beloved Cross, I finally embrace you. You were the longing of My Heart and the martyrdom of My love. O Cross, up to this very moment I awaited you; My steps were always directed toward you. Holy Cross, you are the goal of My desires and the purpose of My existence on earth. In you I concentrate My entire being and in you I place all of My children. You will be their life, their light, their defense, their safeguard and their strength. You will assist them in everything and will bring them gloriously to Me in Heaven. O Cross, pulpit of wisdom, you alone will teach them true holiness, and you alone will make of them heroes, athletes, martyrs and saints. Beautiful Cross, you are My throne. Since I must depart from this earth, you will remain in My

stead. In dowry, I bequeath to you all souls to protect and save them. To you I entrust all souls!"[57]

With these words You eagerly allow the Cross to be placed on your most sacred shoulders. O beloved Jesus, the Cross is too light for your love, but the weight of our sins adds to it, thus making it enormous and as immense as the expanse of the heavens. And You, my wearied and good Jesus, feel crushed under the weight of so many sins; your soul is horrified at their sight and experiences the pains of each sin; your sanctity is shaken before the ugliness of so much sin. And as the Cross weighs upon your shoulders, You stagger, You pant and a mortal sweat passes through your most sacred humanity.

O Jesus, my love, I don't have the heart to leave You alone. I want to share the weight of the Cross with You. To comfort You in bearing the weight of our sins, I cling to your feet. In the name of all creatures, I love You for those who do not love You, I praise You for those who despise You, and I bless You, I thank You and I obey You on behalf of all... I promise to offer You my entire being in reparation for any offense You may receive. I console You with my kisses and continuous acts of love to offer You [my loving] acts in reparation for the offensive acts souls thrust upon You. But I realize that I am too wretched; to be able to offer You true reparation I need You [to offer reparation in me]. Therefore I unite myself to your most

[57] The expression of Mary "saving" souls finds its proper significance in her cooperation with Christ's Redemptive work (cf. footnote 47, pp. 69-70).

sacred humanity and, with You, I unite my thoughts to your thoughts in reparation for all evil thoughts – mine and those of others; I unite my eyes to your eyes in reparation for [all] evil glances; I unite my mouth to your mouth in reparation for blasphemies and evil conversations; I unite my heart to your Heart in reparation for evil tendencies, desires and affections... In a word, by uniting myself to your immense love for all and to the immense good You do for all, I offer reparation for everything your most sacred humanity [in me] makes reparation for. But I am not yet satisfied, as I desire to unite myself to your divinity and completely lose my entire poor being in it, and in this way, give You everything...

The Sorrowful Way to Calvary

My most patient Jesus, I see You taking the first steps under the enormous weight of the Cross. I unite my steps with yours, so that when You are weak, staggering, about to fall and have poured forth all your Blood, I will be at your side to sustain You. I will place my shoulders beneath your Cross to share with You its weight. Do not reject me, but accept me as your faithful companion. O Jesus, You gaze at me, and in that gaze I see You offer reparation for those who do not carry their crosses with resignation, but rather, they swear, get irritated, commit suicide and murder. And You implore love and resignation to the cross on behalf of all. But your pain is such that You feel crushed under the Cross. You have taken only the first

step and already You fall beneath it. As You fall, You bang against the rocks and the thorns are driven more deeply into your head, while all your wounds feel the harrowing effects and You pour forth new Blood. And since You do not have the strength to get up, your enemies, irritated, force You to stand with kicks and shoves.

My fallen love, let me help You stand, let me kiss You, dry your Blood and offer reparation with You for those who sin out of ignorance, anxiety and weakness. I beseech You to help these souls. Jesus, my life, forcing You to suffer unheard-of convulsions, your enemies manage to put You on your feet and, as You stagger, I hear your panting breath. Your Heart beats more vehemently and new pains pierce it intensely... You shake your head to clear your eyes of the Blood that fills them, and You gaze earnestly... Oh, beloved Jesus, I now understand: Your mother who is searching for You like a moaning dove, wishes to offer You her last words and to receive your last gaze. You feel her sorrows as her torn Heart is in your Heart, both of which are moved and wounded in mutual love... You see her pushing her way through the crowd as she desires at all costs to see You, to hug You and to say goodbye to You for the last time. You are profoundly transfixed upon seeing her mortal paleness and all of your sorrows reproduced in her by love. If she lives, it is only by a miracle of your omnipotence.

You move your steps in her direction, but You can hardly exchange a glance... Oh, the blow that strikes your two Hearts! The soldiers take notice and, striking and

shoving You, prevent your mother and You, her Son, from saying the last goodbye. The torment You both experience is so overwhelming that your mother remains petrified with sorrow and is about to die. Faithful John and the pious women sustain her while You fall again under the Cross... Then, your sorrowful mother does with her soul what she cannot do with her body: She fuses herself in You, makes the Will of the Eternal One her own and, assimilating all of your pains within herself, she exercises her maternal office by kissing You, offering You reparation, comforting You and pouring the balm of her sorrowful love into all of your wounds.

My sorrowful Jesus, I too unite myself with our sorrowful mother. I make all your pain and every drop of your Blood my own. In each wound I wish to act as a mother and, together with You and her, I offer reparation for all dangerous encounters, for those who expose themselves to the occasions of sin or, forced by necessity to be exposed to them, remain entangled in sin.

Jesus, You moan and fall under the Cross. The soldiers fear You may die under the weight of so many martyrdoms and from the shedding of so much Blood. In spite of this, with lashes and kicks, they barely manage to force You back onto your feet. And You offer reparation for repeated falls into sin, for mortal sins committed by all classes of people, and You pray for obstinate sinners while shedding tears of Blood for their conversion.

My love, You are crushed, and as I follow You in your reparations, I see that You stagger under the enormous weight of the Cross. You shiver from head to toe. At their continuous shoving, the thorns penetrate more and more into your most sacred head. The Cross, with its heavy weight, digs into your shoulder, to the extent of forming a wound so deep that it exposes your bones... With every step, it seems that You die. Although You are unable to walk farther, your love which can do all things, gives You strength. As You feel the Cross dig into your shoulder, You offer reparation for hidden sins – those for which reparation has yet to be offered and that increase the bitterness of your convulsions. Beloved Jesus, let me place my shoulder under the Cross to comfort You and offer reparation with You for all hidden sins.

But your enemies, again fearing that You may die under the Cross, force a Cyrenean to help You carry it. Unwilling and complaining, he helps You – not out of love, but because he is obliged. Then there echoes in your Heart all the complaints of those who suffer – who lack resignation and who act out of rebellion, anger and contempt. But your sufferings increase in seeing that souls consecrated to You, whom You call to assist You and be your companions in suffering, flee from You. And if You press them tightly to yourself by allowing them to share in your sorrows, oh, how they wrest themselves free from your arms and seek out pleasures, thereby leaving You alone to suffer. O my Jesus, while I offer reparation with You, I beg You to hold me in your arms and hug me so

tightly that there may be no pain You suffer that I do not endure, so that through them I may be transformed and may make up for the abandonment of all souls.

Beloved Jesus, You are overcome with weariness and, all bent over, can hardly walk. And I see that You stop and try to look. O heart of mine, what is it? What are You looking for? Oh, it is Veronica who, fearless and courageous, approaches You with a cloth and dries your face that is completely covered with Blood. And You leave your face impressed on the cloth as a sign of gratitude. My generous Jesus, I too want to dry your precious Blood from your face, but not with a cloth; I wish to offer You my entire being to comfort You. I wish to fuse myself with your interior and requite with You, O Jesus, heartbeat for heartbeat, breath for breath, affection for affection and desire for desire. I intend to plunge my being into your *most sacred intelligence* and, making all these heartbeats, breaths, affections and desires flow in the immensity of your Will, I intend to multiply them to infinity. I desire, beloved Jesus, to form waves of heartbeats so that not one evil heartbeat may resound in your Heart and, by this means, relieve all the bitterness You experience on the inside. I intend to form waves of affections and desires to cast away all evil affections and desires which might, even slightly, sadden your Heart. Still more, my beloved Jesus, I intend to form waves of breaths and thoughts to cast away any breath or thought that might cause You the least displeasure. I will be vigilant, O Jesus, so that nothing else may afflict You or add more bitterness to your interior

sorrows... O my Jesus, please let my whole interior swim in the immensity of your interior. In this way, I will discover enough love and good will to keep from penetrating your interior all the evils and displeasing desires inflicted on You by souls.

Meanwhile, your enemies, disapproving of Veronica's [courageous] gesture, flog You, push You and shove You along the way... A few more steps and again You stop, and yet, under the weight of so much suffering, your love does not stop. On seeing the pious women weeping on account of your suffering, You forget yourself and console them saying: **"Daughters, do not weep over My suffering, but over your sins and over [those of] your children."** What a sublime teaching; how sweet your word is! O Jesus, with You I offer reparation for our lack of charity, and I ask You for the grace to make me forget myself and remember only your interests.

On hearing You speak, your enemies become enraged and with the ropes they yank You and push You with such rage that You fall down. As You fall, You bang against the stones. The weight of the Cross crushes You, and You feel yourself dying. Let me sustain You and protect your most sacred face with my hands... I see You touch the ground and gasp in your Blood, but your enemies want to make You stand, so they again yank You with the ropes, pull You up by your hair and kick You, but to no avail... You are dying, my Jesus! What sorrow... my heart breaks with grief! Almost dragging You, they take You up to Mount Calvary... As they drag You, I hear You make

reparation for all the offenses of souls consecrated to You that weigh upon You so much that no matter how hard You try to stand, You cannot! And so, dragged and trampled on, You reach Calvary, leaving behind You the red traces of your precious Blood.

Jesus is despoiled of his garments and is crowned with thorns for the third time

Jesus, here new sufferings await You. They strip You again, tearing off both your garment and the crown of thorns. Oh, in feeling the thorns being torn out from inside your head You groan. As they tear off your garment, they also tear your lacerated flesh that has adhered to it. The wounds rip open, your Blood flows to the ground in torrents, and the pain is so overwhelming that You collapse almost dead.

But nobody is moved to feel any compassion for You, my love! On the contrary, with bestial fury they force the crown of thorns on You again – they beat it onto your head – and the lacerations and the tearing of your hair clotted in your coagulated Blood causes You such intense pain that only the angels can convey what You endure. And the angels, horrified, turn their heavenly gaze away from You and weep... My despoiled Jesus, allow me to hold You to my heart and warm You, as I see that You are shivering as an icy mortal sweat pervades your most sacred humanity. How I long to give You my life – my blood to

take the place of your Blood that You have lost in exchange for my life! And, straining to look at me with his languishing and dying eyes, Jesus seems to say to me:

“My child, how much souls cost Me! This is the place where I await all souls in order to save them; where I want to offer reparation for the sins of those who degrade themselves to a state lower than beasts, and so obstinately offend Me that they reach the point of not being able to live without committing sins. Their minds are blinded, and they sin unbridledly. This is why they crown Me with thorns for the third time... And in being despoiled of My garments, I offer reparation for those who wear extravagant and indecent clothing, for sins against modesty and for those who are so bound to riches, honours and pleasures that their hearts make gods of them. Oh yes, each one of these offenses is a death I endure, and if I do not die it is because the Will of My eternal Father has not yet decreed the moment of My death!”

O Jesus, You are stripped of your garments. My love, while I offer reparation with You, I beg You to strip me of everything with your most sacred hands, and not allow any bad affections to enter my heart; watch over it, surround it with your sorrows and fill it with your love. May my life be the complete repetition of your life. Strengthen my desire to despoil myself with your blessing; bless me from your Heart and grant me the strength to be present at your sorrowful crucifixion so that I may remain crucified with You!

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus carries his Cross. The love of Jesus for the Cross and his eager longing to die on it for the salvation of souls are immense! And do we experience love in suffering like Jesus? Can we say that our heartbeats echo his divine heartbeats, and that we too ask for the cross we bear? When we suffer, do we have the intention of becoming companions of Jesus in order to relieve him from the weight of his Cross? How do we accompany him? When He receives insults, are we always ready to offer him our little sufferings to relieve him of his sorrows?

In working, in praying and in experiencing the hardships of our suffering under the weight of interior sorrows, do we let our sorrows fly to Jesus so that they may, like a veil, absorb his sweat and comfort him? Do we make his hardships our own? Let us all say: O my Jesus, call me to be always close to You, and may You remain always close to me so that I may always comfort You with my sorrows.

The Nineteenth Hour

11 AM

Jesus is Crucified

Jesus, my love, You have already been despoiled of your garments. Your most sacred body is so lacerated that your appearance is as that of a fleeced lamb... I see You tremble as your enemies prepare the Cross. And You, unable to stand any longer, fall to the ground of this mount. My good Jesus, my all, my heart breaks with sorrow in seeing You dripping Blood from head to toe, from every part of your bent over and most sacred body.

Your enemies are tired, but not satiated in tormenting You. To your unspeakable pain, in despoiling You they tear the crown of thorns off of your head and, then again, drive it into You, making You experience unheard-of convulsions, as they open up to new and more painful wounds... [In this third crowning of thorns] You offer reparation for the obstinacy of souls and for their obstinacy in sin, especially the sin of pride. Jesus, if love had not compelled You to endure yet more, You would certainly have died from the harrowing sorrow You suffered in this third crowning of thorns. But now I see that You can no longer endure this sorrow[58] and, with your eyes

[58] Several translations incorrectly state, *"I see that you can no longer endure the pain",* whereas the original Italian reads, *"non puoi reggere*

covered with Blood, You look to see if at least one individual would come close to You to sustain You in so much suffering and in such overwhelming grief...

My sweet good Jesus, my dear life, You are not alone here as You were last night. Your sorrowful mother is here whose Heart, pierced with intense sorrow, suffers as many deaths as there are pains You endure. There is also [your] faithful [disciple] John who is speechless with sorrow at the sight of your Passion. This is the mount of lovers, and You should not be alone... Tell me my love, who do You want to sustain You in so much sorrow? Oh please, let me approach You – I, who stand more in need [of your grace] than all others. Dear mother and those of you [on this holy mountain], make room for me. And here I am, O Jesus, I come to You. I hug You and I beseech You to lean your head upon my shoulder that I may experience the sharp piercings of your thorns in my head... And I not only desire to feel your thorns, but to cleanse all of my thoughts with your precious Blood that flows down from your head, so that they may remain in the continuous act of offering You reparation for all the offenses souls cause You with their thoughts...

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al dolore" (*dolore* is "sorrow", not "pain"). Jesus repeatedly reassures Luisa that his divine love endured and overcame all external and physical *pains*, while his interior "sorrows" (*dolori*) far surpassed his external "pains" (*pene*) (cf. the 11am hour where Jesus implores yet more pains). The interior sorrow here refers to "obstinacy in sin". Cf. 11pm hour, p. 190, where Jesus affirms: *"Does not one fibre in My Heart surpass in sorrow all the other pains of My divine body combined?".*

Jesus, my love, hug me tightly! I desire to kiss, one by one, the drops of Blood which drip down your most sacred face, and I beseech You to make each one of these drops a light to the minds of all souls, so that no one may offend You with evil thoughts.

My beloved Jesus, You look at the Cross that your enemies are preparing for You. You hear the blows of the hammer of your executioners who are forming the holes into which they will drive the nails. And your Heart beats more and more vehemently and contracts with exultation, as You yearn to lay yourself upon this bed of pain and seal with your death the salvation of our souls. And I hear You say:

Beloved Cross, My love, My precious bed. You were My martyrdom in life, and now you are My rest. Please, O Cross, receive Me into your arms without delay. I eagerly await you. Holy Cross, through you I will accomplish all. O Cross, hurry, fulfill My ardent desire of offering up My life for souls; I wish to seal their Redemption by means of you, O Cross. Oh, delay no longer, as I earnestly long to extend Myself upon you to open the [gates of] heaven to all My children and close hell.[59] **O Cross, it is true that you are My battle, but you are also My victory and My complete triumph.**

[59] Inasmuch as the gates of hell will be closed only at the General Judgment, the expression, "... close hell" (*chiudere l'inferno*), assumes a two-fold significance: Jesus longs to keep souls from being lost, and to release the just souls from "Limbo" who awaited the opening of the gates of heaven, which were definitively closed after their release.

Through you I will bestow upon My children abundant treasures, victories, triumphs and crowns."

Who can recount all the words my sweet Jesus says to the Cross? As he expresses his love to the Cross, his enemies command him to extend himself on it, and promptly He obeys to make reparation for our disobedience... My love, before You extend yourself on the Cross, allow me to press You more tightly to my heart and kiss You. Listen to me, O Jesus: I do not want to leave You; I want to extend myself on the Cross and be nailed to it with You, for true love tolerates no separation. Forgive the boldness of my love, but allow me to be crucified with You... After all, my tender love, I am not the only one to ask this of You, but your sorrowful mother, inseparable Magdalene and faithful John ask this as well. They all tell You that it would be more bearable to be nailed with You to your Cross, than to see You crucified alone... Therefore, with You I offer myself to the eternal Father assimilated to your Will, to your Heart, to your reparations and to all of your sorrows. Oh, it seems as if my sweet Jesus says to me:

"My child, you have anticipated My love. This is My Will: that all those who love Me should be crucified with Me. Oh yes, come and extend yourself upon the Cross with Me, and I will give you life in exchange for My life, and I will always regard you as the beloved of My Heart."

And now You extend yourself on the Cross, looking with so much love and sweetness at your executioners – as

though extending to them a sweet invitation to hasten your crucifixion – who hold in their hands the nails and hammers to crucify You. And although feeling repugnance, with inhuman fury they grab your right hand, hold the nail on your palm and, with blows of the hammer, drive it through to the opposite side of the Cross... O my Jesus, the pain You suffer is so overwhelming that You shudder; the light of your beautiful eyes is eclipsed and your most sacred face, though bruised and bleeding, turns pale...

I kiss your *blessed right hand* my beloved Jesus, and I unite myself to your Passion, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all. I entreat You to deliver in this moment from eternal damnation as many souls as there are blows You receive; to wash in this most precious Blood of yours as many souls as there are drops of Blood You shed. For the sake of the bitter sorrows You endure, I entreat You to open the heavens to all and to bless all souls. May your blessing call all sinners to conversion, and call those separated from your Church and unbelievers to the light of faith.

O Jesus, my sweet life, after having finished nailing your right hand to the Cross, with unheard-of cruelty your executioners grab your left hand and, to make it reach the mark of the hole, with violence they pull it so hard that the joints of your arms and shoulders dislocate, and the pain is so intense it makes your legs contract and convulse...

Left hand of my beloved Jesus, I kiss You, I unite myself to your Passion, I adore You and I thank You. For

the blows You receive and for the bitter pains You endure from them driving the nail through your left hand, I ask You to grant me in this moment that many souls may be released from purgatory and make their flight to heaven. For the Blood You shed [from this hand], I entreat You to extinguish the flames that burn [the poor souls]. May this Blood refresh and cleanse them all, so that purged of all stain they may be disposed for the beatific vision. My love and my all, for the sharp pain You suffer when they nailed your left hand, I entreat You to close hell to all souls[60] and to withhold the lightning rod of Divine Justice from striking us on account of our sins. O Jesus, let the Divine Justice be appeased, so that divine chastisements may not pour out on earth, but may the treasures of your Divine Mercy be opened for the betterment of all. Wherefore I entreat You, hold me tightly in your arms.

Jesus, it seems as if You are now completely motionless, and that we therefore are at liberty ask of You whatever we wish. So I [take the liberty to] place the world and all human generations in your arms and I beg You with the voices of your own Blood, O my sweet love, to deny no one your forgiveness, but by the merits of your most

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[60] The expression, "close hell to all souls" does not contradict the various revelations of Jesus to Luisa, who acknowledges that souls are in hell due to their own choice, but echoes Jesus' petition in Gethsemane, *"Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me – the chalice of souls who, by withdrawing from Our will, becoming lost. Although this chalice of Mine is extremely bitter, not My will, but your will be done"* (cf. 10pm hour, p. 53).

precious Blood, grant salvation to all souls and do not, O my Jesus, exclude anyone!

Jesus, my love, your enemies are not yet satisfied... With diabolical fury they grab your most sacred feet, tireless and always on the lookout for souls, but that are contracted on account of the pains inflicted on your hands, and they pull them so violently that your knees, your ribs and all the bones of your chest become dislocated. My good Jesus, my heart can no longer bear this: Your sorrow is so great that it causes your beautiful eyes, eclipsed and covered with Blood, to roll back, and your livid lips – bruised and swollen from the blows – contort; the [nails] tearing at your hands and feet, cause your cheeks to grow hollow, your teeth to chatter, your chest to pound feverishly, and your Heart breaks... My love, how I would willingly take your place to spare You so much pain! I fuse myself in all of your limbs to assuage You, kiss You, comfort You, and offer You reparation on behalf of all.

Blessed feet of my beloved Jesus, I unite myself to your Passion, I kiss You, I adore You and I thank You. I entreat You for the sake of the most bitter pains You suffer, for the tearing [of muscles, ligaments and nerves] from the dislocation of all of your bones, and for the Blood You shed to enclose all souls in your most sacred wounds. Do not refuse anyone, O Jesus!

May your nails pierce the powers [of our soul],[61] so that they may never be separated from You; may they pierce our hearts, so that they may always adhere to You alone; may they pierce all of our emotions, so that they may experience no pleasure apart from You. O my crucified Jesus, I see You completely entrenched and bathed in an ocean in Blood... The Blood that flows from You asks only for "souls". In this Blood I see the vast throng of souls from all centuries, and in such a way, O Jesus, that every single soul appears incorporated within You. And so, by the power of this Blood, I entreat You to not allow so much as one soul to ever again escape You.

Sweet Jesus, your enemies finish nailing your feet, and I now approach your Heart. I see that while [physically] nothing more are You able to bear, your love cries out more loudly: **"More Pains!"** My beloved Jesus, I embrace *your Heart*, I unite myself to your Passion, I kiss You, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all souls. I place my head upon your Heart in order to experience what You endure in this painful crucifixion... Oh, I hear every blow of the hammer echo in your Heart! Your Heart is the center of all things – from it your sorrows begin, and in it they end. And if were not for You awaiting the lance to pierce your Heart, the flames of your love and the Blood that boils within it would have already ruptured your Heart and come to an end. These flames beckon souls

[61] The three powers of the soul are the intellect, the memory and the will – the will being the greatest, as it alone is the repository of all divine acts (cf. Piccarreta, volume 13, October 9, 1921; vol. 16, July 24, 1923).

that love You to find a happy dwelling in your Heart, and I, O Jesus, for the sake of your most precious Blood, ask You to sanctify these souls. O please, do not allow them to ever go out from your Heart, but with your grace, multiply the vocations of victim souls who may continue your life on earth. You wanted to give a distinct place in your Heart to the souls that love You, so I bid You don't ever let them lose this place... O Jesus, may the flames of your Heart set me ablaze and consume me, may your Blood embellish me, and may your love keep me always nailed to You with suffering and reparation!

My beloved Jesus, the executioners have now nailed your hands and feet to the Cross and, turning it over in order to bang and bend the nails on the other side, they force your adorable face to touch the ground, soaked with your own Blood. And You, with your divine lips, kiss the ground... With this kiss, O my sweet love, You intend to kiss all souls, bind them to your love and seal their salvation. O Jesus, let me take your place so that I may prevent your most sacred body, however entrenched with your most precious Blood, from touching the ground. Let me hold You in my arms, and grant that as your enemies bang the nails, these blows may wound me as well and nail me completely to your love.

O my Jesus, as the thorns [under the weight of the Cross] are driven farther into your head, I offer You all of my thoughts so that like loving kisses, they may console You and assuage the bitter pains of your thorns.

I see that your enemies are not yet satiated with insulting You and deriding You, and I want to comfort your divine gazes with my loving gazes. Your tongue is almost cleaved to the roof of your mouth due to the bitterness of the bile of the human will and the ardent thirst You experience. In order to quench your thirst, O my Jesus, You desire to see all the hearts of souls overflowing with love, but not having them near You causes your love to burn more ardently for them. My sweet love, I intend to send You rivers of love to relieve in some way the bitterness of the bile and your ardent thirst... O Jesus, I see that with every movement You make the wounds in your hands tear open more widely, and your sorrow becomes more intense and overwhelmed. My dear good Jesus, to relieve and comfort this sorrow of yours, I offer You the holy works of all souls.

O Jesus, how much You suffer in your most sacred feet! It seems that all the movements of your most sacred body reverberate in them, and nobody is near You to sustain You in order to somehow assuage the bitterness of your sorrows. My most sweet life, I desire to gather together the steps of the souls of all generations – past, present and future – and redirect them all to You, so that they may come to console You in your harsh pains.

My dear Jesus, alas, how tortured your poor Heart is! How may I comfort so much sorrow? I will diffuse myself in You; I will place my heart in your Heart and my desires in your ardent desires, so that the all evil desires [of all souls] may be destroyed. I diffuse my love in your love,

so that by means of the fire of your love, the hearts of all souls may be set ablaze and all profane love vanquished. Your Most Sacred Heart will be comforted, and from now on I promise You, O Jesus, always to remain nailed to your most loving Heart with the nails of your desires, of your love and of your Will... O my Jesus, crucified one, crucify me in You. Do not allow me, even slightly, to free myself from these nails of yours, but let me always be nailed [with you], so that I may love You, offer You reparation on behalf of all and relieve the pain that souls cause You with their sins.

Jesus is Crucified, and with him we disarm the Divine Justice

My good Jesus, I see that your enemies lift the heavy wood of the Cross, and then let it drop into the hole they had prepared in advance. And You, my sweet love, remain suspended between heaven and earth. In this solemn moment, You turn to the Father, and with a weak and feeble voice, say: **"Holy Father, here I am, laden with all the sins of the world. There is not one sin that has not been poured out on Me. Therefore, no longer unload the scourges of your Divine Justice upon mankind, but upon Me, your Son. O Father, allow Me to bind all souls to this Cross and to plead forgiveness on their behalf with the voice of My Blood and My wounds. O Father, do You not see to what a sorrowful state I am reduced?**

By this Cross and by virtue of these pains, grant to all true conversion, peace, forgiveness and holiness!"

My crucified love, I too want to accompany You to the throne of the Eternal One and, along with You, disarm the Divine Justice. I make your most sacred humanity my own, and united with your Will and with You, I wish to do whatever You do... May my thoughts flow in your thoughts, may my will, desires and love flow in your Will, desires and love; may my heartbeat flow in your Heart and my being flow in You. By this means, nothing [You do] will escape me, and in everything You do I shall unite my act to your act, and my word to your word.

And You, my crucified and good Jesus, in seeing the [Father's] Divine Justice irritated with his creatures, prostrate yourself before him, and enclose them all within your most sacred humanity in order to safeguard them.[62] In this way, the Father sees all creatures in You and, out of love for You, refrains from casting them out his sight. And if the Father looks at his creatures with disdain, it is because so many of them have disfigured the beautiful image in which he made them. Such creatures nurture no thought other than to offend him – with their intelligence that should have been used to understand him, they have

[62] In this hour Luisa's expressions of the Father becoming "irritated" and feeling "disdain", and of the divine Spirit experiencing "offense", convey the "sorrows" of the three inseparable divine Persons. Inasmuch as the second divine Person alone assumed a passible human nature, he experiences "pain" and "sorrow", whereas the other two Persons experience only "sorrow" (L. Piccarreta, volume 19, May 31, 1926; vol. 19, June 6, 1926).

instead made of it a waste bin in which they accumulate sin.

And You, O my Jesus, in order to appease the Father,[63] ask him to behold your most sacred head pierced with thorns and overwhelmed with atrocious convulsions. [Through your crown of thorns] You keep nailed to your mind the intelligence of all souls, and to every mind You offer [yourself] up in expiation to satisfy the Divine Justice. Oh how these thorns act as pious voices before the Divine Majesty to extend pardon to all the evil thoughts of all souls! My Jesus, my thoughts are one with yours, therefore with You I pray, implore, entreat pardon and offer reparation before the Divine Majesty for all evil souls commit through the use of their intelligence. Allow me to take your thorns and your own intelligence and, with these, approach all souls to bind your intelligence to theirs. With the sanctity of your intelligence I wish to restore their intelligence to its original state, as when it emerged from your creative hands; with the sanctity of your thoughts I wish to reorder all the evil thoughts of souls in You, and

[63] St. Augustine affirms that Jesus could have redeemed mankind without dying on the Cross and with only *one drop of his Blood* (Sunday Sermon IV), and Luisa affirms that the Jesus could have redeemed mankind with *one word* (L. Piccarreta, volume 3, January 12, 1900). Therefore, the work of Redemption was not contingent upon Jesus "appeasing the Father's justice"; rather in freely taking upon himself unparalleled sufferings that far surpassed the requirements of Redemption, Jesus petitioned the Father for a superabundance of grace, merit and glory in every human act in addition to offering reparation for every sin. Augustine calls this superabundance of Christ's sufferings, "grace upon grace" (AUGUSTINE, *De gratia et libero arbitrio*, 9.21, *PL* 44.893; *NBA* 20.50).

with your thorns, pierce the minds of all souls to restore to them their dominion and rule... O Jesus, may You alone be the master of the thoughts and affections of every soul! May You sustain all things, and the face of the earth, despite its horrific and frightful appearance, will change!

But the divine Father, in seeing nearly all of his poor children steeped in sins of such an appalling nature as to nauseate all of heaven, remains irritated. Oh, how the divine Spirit is offended in almost no longer recognizing in the poor human creature the work of his most sacred hands! On the contrary, his creatures appear to be many monsters occupying the earth that draw down the Father's wrathful gaze... And You, O Jesus, wishing to appease the Father, seek to soften his Heart by uniting your eyes with his [so as to make him see poor mankind through your compassionate gaze], and thus You show him your eyes covered with Blood and filled with tears. Before the Father's divine majesty You weep, over and over again, to move him to compassion over the plight of so many unhappy souls, and I hear your voice that says:

"My Father, it is true that these ungrateful souls continue to stain themselves with more sins and no longer merit your Fatherly gaze. But, look at Me, O Father. Before You I weep so much as to form a bath of tears and Blood to cleanse them of the appalling sins with which they have covered themselves. My Father, do You perhaps wish to reject Me? No, You cannot, as I am your Son, and as your Son I am the head of all souls,

and they are My members. Let us save them, O Father, let Us save them!"

My Jesus, unparalleled love, I wish to weep with your eyes before the Supreme Majesty for the loss of so many unhappy souls. Let me take your tears and your own loving gazes, as they are one with mine, and let me take them to souls. To move them to compassion out of love for You and for the sake of their own souls, I will show them how You weep for them, and that while they stain themselves, You are ready to cleanse them with your tears and your Blood. And in seeing You weep, they will surrender to You... Let me cleanse the filth of all souls with your tears; may your tears descend into their hearts to soften the many souls that are obstinately entrenched in sin, and overcome their obstinacy. I wish to make your loving gaze penetrate souls, so that they may raise their eyes to heaven, love You and no longer go astray to offend You. In this way, the divine Father will no longer be irritated when gazing down upon his unfortunate children.

And I see that the Father's wrath is not yet appeased. For despite the Father's bounty that filled the heavens and the earth with so much love, as to bear witness to the love and goodness he nurtures toward his children – so much so that in almost every step and action of his children one witnesses the love and grace of their Father's Heart overflowing – the ungrateful human creature, despising this love, refuses to recognize it. On the contrary, the human creature defies his love by filling the heavens and earth with insults, ridicule and offenses. And, as if

wanting to destroy the Father's love and set itself up as an idol in his place, it tramples his love asunder with its sullied feet. All these offenses pierce the heavens and arrive before the [throne of the] Divine Majesty. Oh, how the Father is irritated in seeing the vile [sins of] human beings arrive at the point of insulting and offending him every which way. But You, O my Jesus, always ready to defend us, with the enrapturing force of your love, compel the Father to behold your most sacred face, covered with all of these insults and ridicule, and You say to him:

"My Father, do not disdain your poor creatures. If You are irritated with them, You are irritated with Me. Oh, have mercy. I bear all these offenses on My face to requite You on everyone's behalf. My Father, unleash not your wrath upon these unfortunate souls; they are blind and know not what they do. Take a good look at Me, and see how I have been reduced for love of them. If You are not moved to compassion over the wretched state of mankind, may My face besmirched with spittle, covered with Blood, bruised and swollen from many inflicted strikes and blows, soften your Heart... My Father, have mercy! I, who was the most radiant of all, am now so disfigured that I am no longer recognizable... I am the most degraded of all. And at all costs I wish to save the poor human creature!"

My Jesus, is such love possible? Since I want to follow You in everything, let me have at my disposal your most sacred face, so that I may show it ever-so disfigured to the Father, whereby he may be moved to compassion

over poor mankind which is already dying under the scourge of the Divine Justice. Let me go to souls and show them your face, ever-so disfigured for love of them, to move them to compassion out of love for You and for the sake of their own souls. With the light of your face and with the enrapturing force of your love, may I make them understand who You are, and who they are, as they dare to offend You. In this way, their souls, leading a life dead to grace, will rise up out of their many sins and prostrate themselves before You in an act of adoration and glory.

My adorable and crucified Jesus, souls continue to irritate the Divine Justice, and from their mouths resounds the echo of horrendous blasphemies, voices of condemnations and curses, evil conversations, plots among one another of massacres and bloodbaths... Oh, all these voices deafen the earth and pierce the heavens, offending God's divine ears who, wearied with these venomous echoes of souls, wishes to put an end to them by casting them far from his sight. For all of these venomous voices condemn and cry out for justice and vengeance against the very souls who voice them. Oh, how the Divine Justice feels compelled to shower down chastisements! Oh, how these many horrendous blasphemies ignite God's wrath!

But You, O my Jesus, loving us with the greatest love, confront all of these murderous voices with your omnipotent and creative voice, and reunite them in your voice. You make your sweetest voice of blessings, praise, and supplications for mercy, gratitude and love on behalf of unhappy souls reach your Father's ears to refresh him from

the offenses they send him. And to appease the Father even more, You show him your most sacred mouth and say:

“My Father, turn to Me; behold your Son. Do not listen to the voices of these souls, but listen to My voice! I am the one who offers satisfaction for all. Therefore, I entreat You to look at souls in and through Me. If You do not look at them through Me, what will become of them? They are weak, ignorant, intent on nothing but evil and filled with all misery... Have mercy, have mercy on these unhappy souls! I will answer for them with My tongue embittered with bile, consumed with thirst and burned and parched with love...”

My embittered Jesus, my voice in yours wants to face all these offenses. Let me go to all souls with your tongue and your lips and, touching their tongue to yours, make them taste the bitterness of your tongue so that, in the act of wanting to offend You [through blasphemy], if not for love at least for the bitterness they taste, they will desist from blaspheming. Let me touch their lips to yours and make them feel on their lips the fire of sin, and let me make your omnipotent voice resound in each of their hearts, so that the current of evil voices may stop and all human voices may convert into voices of blessings and praise.

Crucified Jesus, souls still refuse to surrender to You despite your immense sorrow and love. Instead, they despise You, and add insult to injury by committing enormous sacrileges, murders, suicides, crimes, cruel acts, deceptions, divisions and betrayals. Oh, all of these evil

works weigh so heavily on the arms of your Heavenly Father that, unable to sustain their weight, his arms are on the verge of falling to unleash fury and destruction upon the earth. And You, O my Jesus, to snatch souls from the divine wrath and for fear of seeing them destroyed, stretch out your arms to your Father to help him sustain the weight [of such evil works], and You prevent and impede the Divine Justice from taking its course. And to move the Father to compassion for the wretched state of mankind and to soften his Heart, You say to him with the most moving voice:

"My Father, look at these hands, rent open, and these nails that both pierce and transfix them to all evil works. Oh, in these hands I feel all the convulsions caused by such evil works. O Father, are You not satisfied with My sorrows? Am I perhaps not able to offer You worthy satisfaction? These dislocated arms of Mine will always be chains to tightly embrace the poor souls so that they may not escape. My Father, apart from those who forcefully strain to break free from Me, these arms of Mine will be loving chains that bind You and prevent You from casting from your sight these poor souls. What is more, I will continue to draw souls to you, so that You may pour out on them your grace and your mercy!"

O my Jesus, your love is a sweet enchantment for me, and compels me to do what You do. So, with You, and at the cost of any pain, I want to prevent the Divine Justice from unleashing itself on poor mankind. With the Blood

that pours forth from your hands I wish to extinguish the fire of sin that arouses God's justice and to calm its fury. To move the Father to have compassion for his own children, allow me to place in your arms the sorrows and sufferings of all creatures, the groans of the many souls who are poor and wounded, and the many hearts that are grieving and oppressed. Allow me to go to all souls and place them all in your arms, so that all of them may return to your Heart. With the power of your creative hands, allow me to stop the current of so many evil works and make all desist from doing evil.

Jesus, my crucified love, souls are not yet satisfied with offending You, but seek to drink to the very dregs all the filth of sin, whereby they run almost wildly along the path of evil. They go from one sin to the next, they disobey all of your laws and, denying You, they rebel against You. And as if out of spite, these souls wish to go to hell. Oh, how the Supreme Majesty becomes indignant! And You, O my Jesus, triumphing over all – even over the obstinacy of souls – in order to appease the divine Father, show him your most sacred humanity in its entirety: lacerated, dislocated and tortured in every horrible way. You show him your most sacred feet pierced and twisted under the weight of convulsions. And with the most moving voice, wanting to win souls over with love and sorrow and, as if in act of breathing your last and to triumph over the Father's Heart, You say:

"My Father, look at Me. From My head to My feet not one part of Me is left unbattered. There is not

one single part of My body that I can offer to receive more wounds and procure more sufferings. If You are not appeased at this moving sight of love and sorrow, who will appease You? O souls, if you do not surrender to so much love, what hope remains for you to convert? My Blood and wounds will always be voices that constantly call down from heaven to earth the grace of repentance, forgiveness and compassion for poor humanity!"

O my Jesus, I see You in excruciating pain to appease the Father and win over souls. Allow me to assume your most sacred feet and, with them, make my rounds throughout creation to bind their steps to your feet, so that as souls choose to take the path of evil, they may feel the bond You established with them and turn away from evil. Oh, with your feet grant that they may turn back from the path of evil, may You place them on the path of righteousness, make them docile to your law and, with your nails, close off [to them] hell so that no one may end up in there![64]

O my Jesus, crucified love, I see that You are unable to [physically] endure anymore, as You strain and suffer terribly on the Cross: Your bones continually grind against each other, such that with every tiny movement You make they dislocate more and more; your flesh tears away piece by piece; your ardent thirst consumes You; your embittered, painful and loving interior sorrows impair

[64] Ibid.

your breathing; human ingratitude acting as many of the martyrdoms You experience, confronts You and overwhelms You like a mighty wave to the core of your pierced Heart. It crushes You so much that your most sacred humanity, unable to bear the weight of so many martyrdoms, is about to succumb, whence burning with love and the desire to suffer [yet more for souls], You cry out [to the Father] for mercy and help... Crucified Jesus, is it possible that You, who rule everything and give life to all, ask for help?

Oh, how I desire to fuse myself in each drop of your most precious Blood, to shed [for You] my own blood in order to mend each one of your wounds and lessen and assuage the piercings of each thorn, and fuse myself in each interior pain of your Heart to relieve your intense bitterness. I want to give You life for life and, if it were possible, remove You from the Cross and take your place. And yet, I see that I am nothing and can do nothing; I am too insignificant. Therefore, give me yourself, Jesus; I will take up life in You and, in You, I will offer You to yourself. In this way You will satisfy my yearnings.

Crushed Jesus, I see that your most sacred humanity is coming to an end, not you[r divine Person], but [the human nature You assumed] to fulfill our Redemption in everything. [To continue] You need divine help and assistance. Oh, how the divine Father is moved in looking at the horrible massacre of your most sacred humanity, the terrible crafting that sin has made on your most sacred limbs! To satisfy your yearnings of love, He holds You to

his Paternal Heart and gives You the necessary help to accomplish our Redemption... As He holds You tightly, You feel again in your Heart, but more intensely, the blows of the nails, the lashes from the scourging, the renting of wounds and the piercing of thorns. Oh, how the Father is struck! How indignant He becomes in seeing all these pains thrust upon You and arrive at the innermost recesses of your Heart, even by souls consecrated to You! And in his sorrow, He says to You:

"Is it possible, My Son, that not even the elect whom You have chosen wish to give themselves entirely over to You? Rather, it appears that the souls who ask to enter your Heart to seek refuge and shelter, end up scorning You and causing You a more sorrowful death. Moreover, all the sufferings they cause You are hidden under the veil of hypocrisy. Oh, Son, I can no longer withhold My indignation at the sight of the ingratitude of these souls who grieve Me more than all other souls combined!"

But You, O my Jesus, triumphing over all, defend these souls too, and out of the immense love of your Heart, form a wall to block the waves of scorn and thorns they send You. And to appease your Father, You say to him:

"My Father, look at this Heart of Mine. May all these pains satisfy You [on behalf of souls]; the more bitter they are the more powerful they will be over your Paternal Heart to implore grace, light and forgiveness on their behalf. My Father, do not reject them, for they

will be My defenders who will continue My life on earth."[65]

Most loving Father, if My humanity has now attained the peak of its sufferings, this Heart of Mine breaks on account of the bitterness of the interior sorrows and unheard-of heart renting I have now endured for thirty-four years, indeed from the first moment of My Incarnation. You are well aware, O Father, that if Our omnipotence had not sustained Me for the sake of prolonging My suffering up until this very moment of extreme agony, the intensity of My interior sorrows would have made Me die from pure convulsions in each instant... Ah, if up till now I have offered You all the sufferings of My humanity to appease your justice and to make your triumphant mercy shower down on all souls, I now present to You this Heart of Mine bruised, beaten and broken under the weight of consecrated souls gone astray!

My Father, this is the Heart that has loved You with an infinite love, always consumed with love for My brothers, who are your children in Me. This is the generous Heart that has longed to suffer and offer You complete satisfaction for all the sins of mankind. Have pity on its desolation, on the continuous blows it receives, on its never-ending heartache, and on its

[65] This beautiful expression offers the reader an insight into the depths of the mercy and omniscience of the Son of God, who foresees on the Cross future conversions of chosen souls who, like St. Paul, had once persecuted him and his Church.

anguish and sadness in the face of death! O My Father, has there perhaps been one single heartbeat of Mine that did not always seek out your glory for the salvation of My brothers and at the cost of My pains and Blood? Were these brothers of Mine not borne from this Heart of Mine? Has this ever-so oppressed Heart of Mine not poured out ardent supplications, groans and sighs? Have I not wept and cried out for mercy in your presence for thirty-four years?

O Father, You have always heard My prayers an infinite number of times, granting Me an infinite number of souls;[66] **I give You infinite thanks.**

But, Father, how is it possible for the sorrows in My Heart to be assuaged when so much as one soul escapes Our love – for Our love for one soul alone is as great as Our love for all souls combined! Must it be said that I breathed My last breath on the Cross when even souls consecrated to Us wretchedly perish before My

[66] The Father granting his crucified Son an infinite number of souls does not imply that all souls were not already granted to him from the moment of his Incarnation. In the Christmas Novena Jesus assures Luisa that the *lives of all souls* were already present in him at the moment of his Incarnation (L. Piccarreta, volume 15, December 16, 1922; Ibid., vol. 14, November 11, 1922), and in her volumes he reassures her that his hidden life divinized the *acts of all souls* (L. Piccarreta, volume 3, January 12, 1900; Ibid., vol. 11, April 14, 1912). In light of the preceding, one may affirm that while Christ's *Redemption* of all souls began with his Incarnation and culminated with his Passion, death and Resurrection, he obtained the *conversion to salvation* of many ("an infinite number") of souls through his prayers on the Cross in the presence of the Father.

eyes? I am already drowning in a sea of anguish on account of the iniquity and eternal loss of Judas, who remained obstinate and ungrateful and who rejected all of My love and its docile ways. I blessed him so much, to the point of ordaining him a Priest and a Bishop like My other Apostles... Oh Father, let this abyss of My sorrows be enough! Let what I see be enough... souls chosen by Us and of the same consecrated calling choosing to follow Judas along similar pathways! Help Me, O Father, I beseech You! I cannot bear all this sorrow! Does not one fibre in My Heart surpass in sorrow all the other pains of My divine body combined? Does not the Blood from My Heart pour out in greater abundance than all the Blood that pours out of My wounds? Oh, My Heart breaks from love and sorrow! Have mercy, Father, have mercy – not on Me, but on all souls for whom I long to suffer to infinity, especially those who are called either to be My spouse[67] or to be My Priests!

Listen, O Father, My Heart with its fiery heartbeats makes Me feel like I am dying and, with cries of supplication say: "For the many sorrows I

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[67] Here the expression, "spouse", signifies a person consecrated to God. Traditionally, 'spouse' is someone in Religious Life with vows of poverty, chastity and obedience (the three evangelical counsels). In more recent times, the term spouse has assumed a form that is poignantly articulated in Pope John Paul II's encyclical, "Consecrated Life". This new form of Consecrated Life includes lay persons that live in the world with public or private vows to God through his Church. It is noteworthy that Luisa was a spouse of Consecrated Life shortly before it was officially recognized in the Church.

endure, I implore efficacious grace for their repentance and true conversion for all these unhappy souls! Let not one of them escape Us! I thirst, Father, I thirst for all souls, but especially for these[68] **– I thirst for more suffering for each of these souls! My Father, I have always done your Will. Now, for love of Me, your most beloved Son in whom You are well pleased, grant that this Will of Mine, which is also your Will, may be perfectly accomplished!"**

O my Jesus, I unite myself to your supplications, your sufferings and your sorrowful love. Grant me your Heart so that I may always experience your thirst for souls consecrated to You, and restore to You all of their love and affection... Let me go to all souls and bring to them your Heart. At the touch of your Heart, may the cold-hearted become warm-hearted, may the irresolute become stout-hearted, and may the wayward turn back to You and recover many of the graces they had squandered. Your Heart is stifled with sorrow and bitterness in seeing frustrated, on account of their lack of correspondence, the many divine designs You had over them, and in seeing the sad consequences of the many souls that would have otherwise had life and salvation through them.[69] I want to

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[68] "These" refers back to Jesus' spouses and Priests.

[69] Some incorrect translations of this work state that chosen souls who are unfaithful to their calling are the cause of *"the loss of the salvation of other souls".* It is not sound Catholic doctrine to assert that one person may be the *direct cause* of the damnation of another. However, it is correct to affirm that one person may be the *direct cause* of another's temptation (e.g., an evildoer's immoral actions may frustrate the flow of grace into the soul of another) and indirect cause of

show them your Heart which they have embittered, and dart them with the fiery darts of your Heart. I want to make them experience [the fruits of] all of your supplications and all the sorrows You endured for love of them, whereby they may surrender to You. In this way, they will return to You repentant and place themselves at your feet, your loving divine designs over them will be realized, they will be in You, surround You and no longer offend You, and they will offer You reparation to console You and defend You.

My crucified Jesus, my life, I see You still agonize on the Cross. Your love is not satisfied; it wants to fulfill your Will in all things. I too, agonize with You... [and I implore]:

'All you angels and saints, come to Mount Calvary to behold the excess and follies of God's love! Let us kiss Jesus' bleeding wounds and adore them, let us bear up his lacerated limbs and thank him for our Redemption! Let us turn our gaze to our sorrowful mother, who feels as many sorrows and deaths in her Immaculate Heart as there are sorrows she beholds in God her Son! Her very clothes are covered with his Blood which has been poured out on Mount Calvary...

Let us all take this Blood and ask our sorrowful mother to join us. Let us go throughout the world to the aid

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another's *possible* damnation ("possible" because each person's free and intended choices directly decide his/her own destiny, and not those of another). For a theological answer development of this theme, cf. the Q & A section of the following link: www.LivingintheDivineWill.com.

of all... Let us go to the aid of those souls who are in danger of death so that they may not die; to the aid of fallen souls so they may rise again; to the aid of souls about to sin so that they may not fall. Let us administer this Blood to the many poor and blind souls so that the light of truth may shine in them; to suffering souls so that they may be comforted. And if we should find souls that are dying and are about to go to hell, let us take this divine Blood that contains the price of their Redemption and snatch them from Satan...'

And as I cling tightly to the Heart of Jesus to defend him and offer him reparation in everything, I press all souls to his Heart so that they may obtain the efficacious grace of conversion, and remain on the path of grace and salvation...

Jesus, I see rivulets of Blood flow from your hands and feet... Weeping angels gather round You to form [for You] a crown and admire the portents of your immense love. At the foot your Cross I see your tender mother pierced with sorrow, your dear Magdalene and your beloved John rapt in an ecstasy of wonder, sorrow and love.

O Jesus, I unite myself to You and I embrace your Cross. I take all the drops of your Blood and pour them into my own heart... When I see your justice is aroused on account of sinners, I will show You this Blood to appease it; when I entreat the conversion of souls enslaved in sin, I will show You this Blood. By virtue of this Blood You will not reject this prayer of mine, for I hold this pledge of your love in my hands...

And now, my crucified love, in the name of all generations of the past, present and future, and with your mother and all the angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Crucified Jesus obeys his executioners. He accepts with love all the insults and pains they make him endure. On the Cross Jesus finds his bed of rest for the great love He has for our poor souls. And do we rest in him through all the pains we endure? Can we say that with our patience and love we prepare in our heart a bed for Jesus?

While Jesus is being crucified, there is not one part of him on the inside or out that does not experience a special sorrow. Do we remain completely crucified to him, at least with our main senses? When we find our enjoyment in frivolous conversations or in other similar amusements, we allow Jesus to remain nailed to the cross. But if we sacrifice our own pleasures for love of him, we allow ourselves to receive Jesus' nails, whereby we remove them from him.

Do we always keep our mind, our heart and our entire being transfixed with the nails of his Divine Will? While being crucified, Jesus looks at his executioners with love. Do we look with love at those who offend us for love of him?

Let us all say: "My crucified Jesus, may your nails be driven into my heart, so that there may be no heartbeat, affection or desire which does not feel their piercing. And may the blood which this heart of mine will shed, be the balm that relieves all of your wounds."

Twentieth Hour

12 PM

First hour of agony on the Cross

Jesus' first word: *"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"*

My Crucified love, I see You on the Cross, as on the throne of your triumph, in the act of conquering all things and all hearts and drawing them so closely to yourself that all may experience your superhuman power. Nature is horrified at such a great crime and prostrates itself before You; it awaits in silence a word from You to pay You homage and make your dominion known. The sun, unable to sustain such an overwhelmingly sorrowful sight of You, weeps and withdraws its light. Hell is terrified and waits in silence, and all creation is hushed in silence... Your sorrowful mother and your faithful ones remain utterly speechless. Petrified at the sight of your torn and dislocated body, they behold You in agony and silently await a word from You. Your body hangs silently in an ocean of the pain of such agonizing and harrowing convulsions that the soldiers fear You might die with your next breath! What is more, everyone is speechless and hushed in silence, even the obstinate Jews and the ruthless executioners – who, up to a little while ago, were offending You, mocking You,

calling You an impostor and a criminal – and the thieves[70] who blasphemed You. Remorse enters them, such that if they try to insult You, the words die on their lips.

As my soul penetrates into your interior, I see that your love overflows, it suffocates You and you[r humanity] cannot contain it. Compelled by your love that torments You more than the pains themselves, with a strong and moving voice, You speak as the God You are. You raise your dying eyes to heaven and exclaim: **"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"** And, again, You become silent, immersed in unheard-of pains.

Crucified Jesus, how can so much love be possible? Oh, after so many pains and insults, your first word is of forgiveness, and You excuse us before the Father for so many sins! Oh, You are the first to offer forgiveness, as You make this first word descend into each heart that has sinned. But how many reject it and do not accept it. Your love is then taken by folly, as with uncalculated excess You beg forgiveness for all and insist on giving to all the kiss of peace! At this word, hell trembles and recognizes You as God; nature and everyone remain astonished – they recognize your divinity and your unquenchable love – and silently wait to see how far it may go. And not only your voice, but also your Blood and your wounds cry out to

[70] Luisa depiction of "thieves" in the plural blaspheming Jesus is consistent with Sacred Scripture. Luke 23:39-43 reports two "criminals" (*κακοῦργοι*) who were crucified together with Jesus, *only one of whom* blasphemes Jesus. Additionally, Mathew 27:44 and Mark 15:32 report two "thieves" (*ληστές*), who were crucified after Jesus and the two criminals, and *both of these thieves* blasphemed Jesus.

every heart that has sinned: **"Come into My arms, for I forgive you; My seal of forgiveness is [purchased at] the price of My Blood."** O my beloved Jesus, repeat this word again to all sinners in the world, entreat mercy for all and apply the infinite merits of your Most Precious Blood to all. O good Jesus, continue to appease the Divine Justice on everyone's behalf, and concede your grace to those who, finding themselves in the act of having to forgive, do not find the strength to do so.

O my Jesus, adored and crucified, in these three hours of most bitter agony You long to bring to completion [the work of Redemption]. And as You silently hang on the Cross, I behold in your interior your desire to offer the Father satisfaction on behalf of all. You thank him and offer satisfaction on everyone's behalf, You implore forgiveness for all, and beseech him the grace of them never offending You again. In order to obtain this from the Father You recapitulate and offer up your entire life, from the first instant of your conception to your last breath. Beloved Jesus, endless love, let me recapitulate your entire life with You along with our sorrowful mother, with St. John and with the pious women. [I entreat them]:

'Let us go through the life and pains of my sweet Jesus. Jesus, I thank You [on behalf of all] for the many thorns that pierced your adorable head, for the drops of Blood that flowed from it, for the blows You received on it and for the hair they tore from it. I thank You [on behalf of all] for all the good You have done and obtained for all; for the enlightenment and good inspirations You have given

all; for all the times You have forgiven all of our sins of thought, pride, conceit and self-esteem.

O my Jesus, I ask your forgiveness in the name of all for all the times we have crowned You with thorns, for all the drops of Blood we made You shed from your *most sacred head,* and for all the times we have not corresponded to your inspirations. For the sake of all these pains You endured, I ask You, O Jesus, to grant us the grace to never again commit sins through our thoughts. I also intend to offer You everything You suffered in your most sacred head, so as to offer You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they made good use of their intellect.

O my Jesus, I adore your *most sacred eyes*, and I thank You for all the tears and the Blood they have shed, for the cruel piercing of the thorns, for the insults, derisions and contempt You bore during your entire Passion. I ask your forgiveness for all those who use their sight to offend and insult You, and I ask You for the sake of the pains suffered in your most sacred eyes, to grant us the grace to never again offend You with evil gazes. I also intend to offer You all that You yourself suffered in your most sacred eyes, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You if their gazes were fixed only on heaven, on the divinity and on You, O my Jesus.

I adore your *most sacred ears*; I thank You for all that You suffered on Calvary while the executioners deafened them with shouts and jeers. I ask your forgiveness

in the name of all for all the evil conversations we have listened to, and I entreat You to open to your eternal truths and to the voices of grace the ears of all men, so that no one may offend You ever again with their sense of hearing. I also intend to offer You all that You suffered in your most sacred ears, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they made holy use of this faculty.

O my Jesus, I adore and I kiss your *most sacred face,* and I thank You for all that You have suffered from the spittle, the slaps and the mockeries received, and for all the times You have allowed yourself to be trampled beneath the feet of your enemies. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all for all the times we dared to offend You, and I ask You for the sake of these slaps and this spittle, to let your divinity be recognized, praised and glorified by all. What is more, my Jesus, I myself intend to go throughout the whole world, from east to west and from north to south, to unite all voices and change them into as many acts of praise, love and adoration as there are voices. Also, my Jesus, I intend to bring You all the hearts of souls, so that You may infuse light, truth, love and compassion for your divine Person into them all. And as You forgive all, I ask You not to allow anyone to offend You ever again, if possible, even at the cost of my blood. Finally, I intend to offer You everything You endured in your most sacred face, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You if no one had dared to offend You.

I adore your *most sacred mouth*, and I thank You for your first whimperings, for the milk You suckled, for all

the words You said, for the ardent kisses You gave to your most sacred mother, for the food You ate, for the bitterness of the gall and of the ardent thirst You suffered on the Cross, and for the prayers You raised to your Father.

I ask your forgiveness for all gossip, for all evil and mundane conversations, and for all blasphemies uttered. I intend to offer [You] your holy conversations in reparation for all evil conversations. I offer the mortification of your taste in reparation for all gluttony, and for all the offenses souls have given You through the evil use of the tongue. I intend to offer You everything You suffered in your most sacred mouth, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had none of them had dared to offend You with the sense of taste and through the abuse of their tongue.

O Jesus, I thank You for everything, and in the name of all, I raise to You a hymn of infinite and eternal thanksgiving. O my Jesus, I intend to offer You everything You suffered in your *most sacred Person*, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they lived their lives in conformity with yours.

I thank You, O Jesus, for everything You have suffered in your *most sacred shoulders*, for all the blows You have received, for all the wounds You have allowed them to open on your most sacred body, and for all the drops of Blood You shed. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all for all the times in which, for love of comforts, souls have offended You with illicit and evil pleasures.

I offer You your painful scourging in reparation for all the sins committed by each of the five senses – for attachment to our own tastes, to our own sensible pleasures, to our own ego and to all of our natural desires. I also intend to offer You all that You have suffered in your shoulders, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they tried to please You alone in everything, and to find shelter under the shadow of your divine protection.

O my Jesus, I kiss *your left foot.* I thank You for all the steps You took during your mortal life, and for all the times You drove your poor limbs to the point of fatigue, as You went in search of souls to lead them to your Heart. Therefore, O my Jesus, I offer You all of my actions, steps and motions with the intention of offering You reparation for everything and everyone. I ask your forgiveness for those who do not operate with upright intentions; I unite my actions to yours so that they may be divinized, and I unite them to all the works You did in your most sacred humanity, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they operated in a holy way and with upright intentions.

O my Jesus, I kiss your *right foot,* and I thank You for all You have suffered and do suffer for me, especially in this hour in which You hang on the Cross. I thank You for the excruciating lacerations the nails continue to form in your wounds which, under the weight of your most sacred body, tear open more and more. I ask your forgiveness for all the rebellious and disobedient acts of souls. I offer You

the pains of your most sacred feet in reparation for these offenses, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they been submitted to You in everything.

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred left hand*. I thank You for all that You have suffered for me and for all the times You have appeased the Divine Justice by offering satisfaction for everyone!

I kiss *your right hand*, and I thank You for all the good You have done and do for everyone. In a special way, I thank You for the Fiats of Creation, Redemption and Sanctification.

I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times we have been ungrateful for your blessings and for our many works done without an upright intention. I intend to give You all the perfection and sanctity of your own works in reparation for all of these offenses, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they corresponded to all of your blessings.

My dear Jesus, I kiss your *Most Sacred Heart*. I thank You for all that You have suffered, desired and yearned for, and for your love for everyone, with thanksgiving for each one in particular. I ask your forgiveness for all evil desires and bad affections and tendencies. I ask forgiveness, O Jesus, for the many who place your love after the love of others and, to give You all the glory that these have denied You, I offer You

everything that your most adorable Heart has done and continues to do.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus, raised on the Cross, remains suspended without touching the earth. And do we try to live detached from the world, from creatures and from everything that is mundane? Everything in our lives should converge to form the cross on which we place ourselves and remain suspended like Jesus – far away from all that is mundane, so as to avoid being attached to creatures in an inordinate way.

Sorrowful Jesus has no other bed than the Cross; no other relief than wounds and insults. And does our love for Jesus reach the extent of finding rest in suffering? Let us enclose everything we do in those wounds – our prayers, sorrows and all else.

Let us dip everything in the Blood of Jesus, and we will find comfort nowhere else but in his sorrows. Therefore, the wounds of Jesus will be our wounds; his Blood will flow continuously in our blood in order to cleanse us and embellish us. By this means, we draw down all graces for ourselves and for the salvation of souls. With the deposit of Jesus' Blood in our heart, if we commit any error, we may entreat him to keep us from being sullied in his presence, to wash us with his Blood and to keep us always united with him. If we feel weak, we shall entreat Jesus to give us a sip of his Blood, whereby our souls may be strengthened. Sweet Jesus prayed for his executioners,

or rather, He pardoned them. Do we make the prayer of Jesus our own in order to continuously pardon sinners before the Father and to plead mercy on their behalf, even for those who have offended us?

Whether we pray, work or walk, let us also not forget the dying souls who are about to take their last breath. Let us bring the prayers and kisses of Jesus to their aid and comfort, so that his Most Precious Blood may purify them and allow them to make their flight to heaven.

Let us all pray: O my Jesus, I wish to draw strength from your Blood and wounds in order to repeat your own life in me. In this way, I will be able to plead for all the blessings You yourself have won for us.

Twenty-first Hour

1 PM

Second hour of agony on the Cross

Jesus' second word:

"Today you will be with Me in Paradise"

My crucified love, while I pray with You the [enrapturing] power of your love and sorrows keeps my gaze fixed on You. But my heart breaks in seeing You suffer so much. You agonize with love and sorrow, and the loving flames that burn your Heart rise so high that they reduce You to ashes. The love You contain is stronger than death itself and, in wanting to unleash your love, You look at the thief on your right and snatch him from hell... With your grace You touch the thief's heart, and he is completely transformed: he recognizes You, professes that You are God and, with perfect contrition, says: "Lord, remember me when You are in your kingdom." And You immediately reply: **"Today you will be with Me in Paradise,"** making of him the first triumph of your love.

But I see that in your love You are not stealing the heart of the thief alone, but the hearts of the many who are dying. You place at their disposal your Blood, your love and your merits, and employ all loving stratagems and allurements to touch their hearts and snatch them all to yourself... But even in this your love is resisted! So many

reject You, distrust You and despair! And your sorrow is so great that You are again reduced to silence...

O my Jesus, I intend to make reparation for those who despair of your Divine mercy at the moment of death. My sweet love, inspire everyone with unlimited trust and confidence in You, especially those who are in great agony. By virtue of your word, grant them light, strength and assistance to die a holy death and make their flight from this earth to heaven. O Jesus, in your most sacred body, Blood and wounds You contain all souls. Therefore, by the merits of this most precious Blood of yours, do not allow so much as one soul to be lost![71] May your Blood and your voice cry out to everyone again: **"Today you will be with Me in Paradise."**

Jesus' third word: ***"Woman, behold your son," and to John: "Behold your mother"***

O my Jesus, crucified and crushed amidst ever-increasing pains... On this Cross You are the true King of Sorrows. In your many pains no soul escapes You, as You sacrifice your own life for each soul. But your love finds itself hindered, despised and ignored by souls. Unable to unleash itself, your love grows more intense and afflicts You with unspeakable torments, and in these torments your love seeks for something more to give to souls. Your love, compelling You to conquer souls, makes You say: **"Oh**

[71] Ibid.

souls, see how much I have loved you? If you choose not to consider your own soul, consider at least My love!" And seeing that You have nothing more to give them – for You have given them everything – You turn your languid gaze to your mother. On account of your sorrows, she experiences sorrows greater than death itself, and the love that tortures her crucifies her as much as You...

As mother and Son You understand each other, and You, Jesus, sigh with relief and feel comforted in seeing that You can give your mother to us. Seeing in John all of mankind, with a voice so sweet as to move all hearts, You say: **"Woman, behold your son,"** and to John: **"Behold your mother."** Your voice, united with the voice of your Blood, descends into her maternal Heart and continuously repeats: **"My mother, I entrust all of My children to you. Convey to them all the love you have for Me, so that all of your motherly care and tenderness is directed to them. In this way, you will save them all for Me."** Your mother accepts your word. But your pains are so intense that they again reduce You to silence.

O my Jesus, I offer reparation for the offenses committed against the Most Blessed Virgin – for blasphemies uttered against her and for the ingratitude of the many who refuse to recognize the blessings You offer them by giving her to them as their mother... How can we thank You for such a great blessing? O Jesus, on behalf of all I turn to You, the source of all good, and offer You your own Blood, your own wounds and the infinite love of your own Heart.

O Blessed Mother, how moved you are upon hearing the voice of your Son as He gives you to us as our mother. I thank you O Blessed Virgin and, to thank you as you deserve, I offer you Jesus' own thanksgiving. Sweet mother, be our mother, watch over of us and do not allow us to offend you in the slightest way. Keep us always united to Jesus; with your own hands bind us to him in such a way that we may never go astray again. [I unite myself] with your own intentions, and offer reparation on everyone's behalf for the offenses made against your [Son] Jesus and against you, my sweet mother.

O my Jesus, while You are immersed in so many pains, You plead yet more earnestly for the salvation of souls. And I will not remain indifferent; I wish to assuage all of your wounds by reverencing them, soothing them and, inebriating myself in your Blood, plead with You; **"Souls, souls!"** I want to sustain your pierced and sorrowful head to offer You reparation and ask for mercy, love and forgiveness on behalf of all.

[72]*O Jesus, reign in my mind and, for the sake of the thorns that pierce your head, heal it. Do not allow any disturbance to enter me.*

Majestic forehead of my beloved Jesus, I kiss You. Draw all of my thoughts to contemplate, love and understand You.

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[72] The text in *italics* is not found in the original Italian 5th edition, but in the 4th edition.

Most gentle eyes of my beloved Jesus, though covered with Blood, I entreat You to look upon my misery, my weakness and my poor heart, so that I may experience the wonderful effects of your divine gaze.

Ears of my beloved Jesus, though deafened by the insults and the blasphemies of evildoers, you strive to listen to us. O listen to my prayers and do not reject my reparations. Listen, O Jesus, to my heart's cry and fill it with your love, so that it may abide in perfect calmness.

Most enrapturing face of my beloved Jesus, reveal yourself. Let me see You, sweet Jesus, as this will empower me to detach my poor heart from everyone and everything. May your beauty continuously enrapture me and keep me always immersed in You.

Most sweet mouth of my beloved Jesus, speak to me. May your voice always echo in me, and may the power of your word destroy all that opposes your love and your Divine Will.

O Jesus, I place my arms about your neck and embrace You. May You extend your arms to embrace me. O my good Jesus, let us embrace each other so tightly that no human force may separate us. In this embrace, I place my face upon your Heart and, with trust in You, I kiss your lips and ask for your kiss of love. Make me breathe as one with your most sweet breath, and infuse in me your love, your Will, your sorrows and your entire divine life.

Most sacred shoulders of my beloved Jesus, always strong and constant in suffering for love of me, grant me the strength, the constancy and the heroism to suffer for the love of God. O Jesus, may I never be inconstant in love, but may I share in your immutability!

O burning bosom of my beloved Jesus, let me share in the loving flame You can no longer contain. My heart eagerly searches for them in your precious Blood and wounds. O Jesus, the flames of your love torment so much. O my good Jesus, share them with me. Are You not moved to pity for a soul so insipid and lacking in love as I?

Most sacred hands of my beloved Jesus, You who created heaven and earth are now transfixed and unable to move. O my Jesus, continue your creation of love by creating new life throughout my entire being – [thus creating a] divine life. Speak your word over my poor heart and transform it completely into your Heart.

Most sacred feet of my beloved Jesus, never leave me. Allow me always to run with You. May I never take so much as one step away from You. Jesus, transfix me with the nails that have transfixed your feet, so that with my love and reparations, I may relieve You from the pains You suffer in your most sacred feet.

O my crucified Jesus, I approach your Cross and adore your most precious Blood. One by one I kiss your wounds, intending to reverence them all with my love, adoration and most heartfelt reparations. May your Blood

be for all souls light in the darkness, comfort in time of sorrow, strength in weakness, forgiveness in guilt, help in temptation, protection in danger, assistance in death, consolation in purgatory and wings to carry all souls from earth to heaven.

O Jesus, loves makes You suffer and I come into your Heart and establish therein my niche and my home. O my sweet love, from within your Heart I call all souls to You. And if someone should approach You to offend You, I will place my heart before yours to keep him from offending You, enclose him in your Heart, speak to him of your love and convert his offenses into love.

O Jesus, never let me leave your Heart. Nourish me with your loving flames and exchange my life with your own life, so that I may love You as You yourself yearn to be loved.

Jesus' fourth word: *"My God, My God, why have You abandoned Me?"*

Sorrowful Jesus, abandoned to You and clinging to your Heart, I number your pains. I see that a convulsive tremor runs through your most sacred humanity. Your limbs violently shake, as if one limb were about to separate itself from the other, and amidst contortions caused by these atrocious convulsions, You cry aloud: **"My God, My God, why have You abandoned Me?"** At this cry,

everyone trembles, the darkness becomes thicker, and your mother, frozen with grief, turns pale and faints.[73] Beloved Jesus, my life and my all, what do I see? Oh, You are about to die, and the pains that have continuously accompanied You are about to leave You. Despite so much suffering, You see with immense sorrow that not all souls are incorporated in You.[74] Rather, You see that many souls will be lost, and You feel their painful separation from your [mystical] body. In having to satisfy the Divine Justice on their behalf, You feel the death of each one of them and the very pains they will suffer in hell. And You cry out loudly, to all hearts: **"Do not abandon Me. If you want Me to endure more sufferings, I am ready to bear them all for your sake, but do not separate yourself from My humanity. This is the sorrow of sorrows, the death of deaths. All that I endure is nothing compared to having to endure you separating yourself from Me! Oh, have pity on My Blood, on My wounds, on My death! I will cry out to your hearts continuously. O please, do not abandon Me!"**

[73] Cf. footnote 34, p. 10 re. the Italian word for "faint" (*"svenire"*).
[74] The expression, *"not all souls are incorporated in you",* does not imply that Jesus did not enclose all souls in himself, as he reveals to Luisa that *from the moment of his conception, he enclosed all souls of the past, present and future within himself, and as his life developed, all lives develop within him* (L. Piccarreta, volume 15, December 16, 1922; Ibid., vol. 14, November 11, 1922). Rather, this expression signifies that despite Jesus having enclosed all souls and lives within himself to offer them the gift of salvation, some chose to reject this gift and were lost.

My love, how I suffer with You! You are panting, and your most sacred head drops to your chest; life is abandoning You... My Jesus, I feel death overtake me. I too want to cry out with You; **"Souls, souls!"** I will not remove myself from your Cross, nor cease to unite myself to your wounds, but by means of them, I will plead with You for souls. If You wish I will enter the hearts of men to surround them with your sufferings, so that they may not escape You. And if possible, I will place myself before the gates of hell in order to turn back souls who have chosen to go there, and lead them to your Heart... But You continue to agonize and remain silent, and I weep over your impending death. O my Jesus, I unite myself with your Passion and press your Heart tightly to mine, I kiss it, and gaze upon it with all the tenderness of my heart to console You more. I unite myself with the divine tenderness itself and make it my own, so as to offer You [divine] compassion, to transform my heart into rivers of sweetness and pour my heart out into your Heart to assuage the bitterness You experience on account of the loss of souls.

[75] *This cry of yours is so painful – more painful than the abandonment of your Father; it is for souls who have left your presence and have become lost that makes this painful lament escape from your Heart! O my Jesus, increase in all souls your grace so that no one may be lost, and may my reparation be applied to those souls who choose to be lost, so that these may convert and be saved.*

[75] The text in *italics* is not found in the original Italian 5th edition.

Lastly, O my Jesus, may this extreme abandonment You experience assist the many souls who love You and keep You company in your abandonment, to the point of allowing themselves to be drawn by You [into a state in which] they do not experience you[r consoling presence], that is, into [interior] darkness.[76] May their sufferings be as supplications that beckon souls close to You to comfort You in your sorrow.

[76] The mystics often write of Jesus conveying to them his sentiments and sorrows that serve to console him, while he increases in them his virtues and merits.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus forgives the good thief, and with so much love as to bring him immediately to paradise with himself. And do we always pray for the souls of the many who are dying and who are in need a prayer, so that to they may not fall into hell, but be saved? The pains of Jesus on the Cross increase but, forgetting himself, He always prays for us. He leaves nothing for himself, but gives everything to us, even his most blessed mother, offering her to us as the dearest gift from his Heart. And do we give everything to Jesus?

In all that we do, whether it is prayers, actions or other things, do we always have the intention of absorbing more love of Jesus within ourselves, so as to give everything back to him? We must absorb Jesus' love in order to give it to others, so that everything we do may carry the seal of Jesus' works.

When the Lord gives us fervor, light and love, do we use them for the good of others? Do we try to enclose souls in this light and in this fervor, so as to move the Heart of Jesus to convert them, or do we selfishly keep his graces for ourselves alone? O my Jesus, may every little spark of love that I feel in my heart become a fire which may consume the hearts of all men and enclose them in your Heart.

What use do we make of the great gift of his mother whom He gave us? Do we make the love of Jesus, the

tenderness of Jesus and all that Jesus did our own, so as to make his mother's joy complete? Can we say that our mother, who participated in the divine nature, finds in us the joy that she found in Jesus? Are we always close to her as faithful children; do we obey her and imitate her virtues; do we do our best to avoid leaving her maternal gaze, so that she may keep us always clinging to Jesus? In everything we do, do we always call the gazes of our Heavenly Mother to guide us, so as to be able to act in a saintly way, as true children of hers and under her compassionate gaze? To give her the same joy that her Son gave her, let us ask from Jesus all the love He had for his Most Holy Mother, the glory He continuously gave her, his tenderness and all his finesses of love toward her. Let us make all these dispositions our own, and let us say to the Heavenly Mother: "We have Jesus in us, and to make your joy complete, we give you everything so that you may find in us all that you found in Jesus. Also, beautiful mother, we want to give Jesus all the joys He discovered in you. Therefore, we enter into your Heart and ask you to grant us all of your love, joys, tenderness and maternal affection, and give them all to Jesus. Mother of ours, may your motherly hands be the sweet chains that keep us bound to you and to Jesus."

Jesus does not spare himself in anything. Loving us with the greatest love He seeks to save us all and, if it were possible, snatch all souls from hell, even at the cost of enduring all of their sufferings. In spite of this, He sees that souls want to forcibly wrest themselves free from his arms,

whereby unable to contain his pain, He cries out: *"My God, My God, why have You abandoned Me?"* And can we say that our love for souls is similar to that of Jesus? Are our prayers, our pains and all of our most menial acts united with the acts and prayers of Jesus in order to snatch souls from hell? How do we unite ourselves to Jesus' Passion in his immense sorrow? If our life could be consumed in a continuous holocaust, it would still not be enough to commiserate with him in his sorrow. Every little act, suffering and thought of ours that is united to Jesus can be used to save souls from falling into hell. United with Jesus, we will hold his power in our own hands. But if we do not do our acts in union with Jesus, they will not serve to prevent so much as one soul from going to hell.

My love and my all, hold me tightly to your Heart, so that I may soon feel how much it saddens You when a sinner separates himself from You, and may I immediately do my part. O my Jesus, may your love bind my heart so that, ignited by the ardent flames of your love, I may feel the love You yourself experienced for souls. O Jesus, when I experience sorrows, sufferings and bitterness, may your justice then pour out on me and save the sinner, and in this way You will find the satisfaction You so desire. O Jesus, may my pains be the bond that binds the sinner to You, and may my soul receive the consolation of seeing your justice satisfied.

Twenty-second Hour

2 PM

Third hour of agony on the Cross

Jesus' fifth word: *"I thirst"*

O my Jesus, crucified and dying, as I cling to your Cross I feel the fire that sets ablaze your entire most sacred Person... Your Heart pounds so violently that it pushes out your ribs, causing You harrowing and heart-wrenching torments, whereby your most sacred humanity undergoes a transformation that renders You unrecognizable.

The love that enflames your Heart so completely parches and consumes You that You are no longer able to contain your love. You feel the intense torment, not only of your bodily thirst, but of the shedding of all of your Blood and, much more, your burning thirst for the salvation of our souls. Longing to absorb us within yourself as [a sponge absorbs] water and there keep us safe, You gather what little strength remains in You, and cry out: **"I thirst."**

O You repeat these words to every heart: **"I thirst for your will, for your affections, for your desires and for your love. A water fresher and sweeter than your soul you could not offer Me. O please, do not let My love for you burn in vain. My thirst is so enflamed that I not only feel My tongue and My throat on fire, to the point of no longer being able to utter a word, but I feel My**

Heart and My very being consumed. Have pity on My thirst, have pity!" And as though delirious from his great thirst, Jesus abandons himself to the Will of his Father.

Oh, my heart can no longer bear to see the wickedness of your enemies who, instead of giving You water, give You gall and vinegar, and You do not refuse them! I understand, it is the gall of our many sins and the vinegar of our untamed passions that they give You, which, instead of refreshing You, cause You to ignite with even greater love. O my Jesus, I give You my heart, my thoughts and my affections; I give You my entire being to quench your thirst and refresh your parched and embittered mouth.

O my Jesus, all that I am and all that I possess I give to You. If my sufferings can help save even one soul, here I am ready to endure everything; I give You my entire being to do with me as You see fit.

I offer reparation for the sorrow You endure for all souls who are lost. Also, I offer reparation for the sorrow You experience from those whom You allow to share in your sadness and abandonment in order to comfort the burning thirst that devours You, but who choose to give into their own pleasures and make You suffer yet more.

Jesus' sixth word: *"It is finished!"*

My dying love, the endless sea of your sorrow, the fire that consumes You and, most of all, the Supreme Will

of the Father that decrees your death, no longer allow us to hope that your life may be spared... But oh, how can I live without You? By now your strength has left You, your eyes are glazed and your face, transformed, assumes a death-like pallor. With your mouth half-open, You breathe laboured and interruptedly, removing all hope that You may revive. The fire that consumes You gives way to an icy chill and a cold sweat that covers your forehead. The intensity of the pain and the piercing of the nails force your muscles and nerves to contract more and more. As your nail wounds tear open more widely, I tremble and feel like I am dying. I look at You, my good Jesus, and I see the last tears falling from your eyes, announcing your imminent death, while You, barely able, utter another word: **"It is finished!"**

O my Jesus, You are completely consumed; there is nothing left in You. Love has reached its goal. But am I completely consumed for your love? What thanks I owe You! How grateful I should be to You! O my Jesus, as You consume yourself for love of us on the Cross, I wish to console You by offering You reparation for everyone's lack of response to your love, and for all offenses directed against your love.

Jesus' seventh word and death on the Cross:
"Father, into your hands I commend My spirit"

My crucified, dying Jesus, You are now about to take the last breaths of your mortal life... Rigor mortis has

already set into your most sacred humanity, and it seems that your Heart has stopped beating. I cling to your feet with Magdalene and, if I could, I would give my life to revive You. O my Jesus, I now see that You [move and] open again your dying eyes. From the Cross You look around, as if wanting to give your last goodbye to all. You look at your dying mother, who no longer moves or speaks on account of her great sorrows, and You say to her: **"Goodbye dear mother, I am leaving, but I will keep You in My Heart. Take care of our children"**... You look at weeping Magdalene and faithful John, and with your eyes You say to them, **"Goodbye".** You gaze upon your own enemies with love, and with your eyes You say to them, **"I forgive you, I give you the kiss of peace"**... Nothing escapes your gaze. You bid farewell to everyone and You pardon everyone. Then, gathering all your strength, and with a loud and thunderous voice, You cry out: **"Father, into your hands I commend My spirit!"** And bowing your head, You breathe your last. +

O my Jesus, at this cry all nature is shaken and weeps over your death – the death of its Creator. The earth trembles violently and, with its trembling, seems to cry out; it seems to want to shake souls and make them recognize You as their true God. The veil of the temple is torn, the dead rise, and the sun, which had wept over your suffering, now with horror withdraws its light... At this cry, your enemies fall to their knees and, beating their breasts, say: "Truly He is the Son of God." And your mother, paralyzed with grief and dying, suffers sorrows more harrowing than death itself.

My Jesus, You have died... With your cry You commend not only your spirit, but all of us into the hands of your Father, so that He may not reject us. Whence You cry out loudly, not only with your voice, but with all of your sorrows and with the voices of your Blood: **"Father, into your hands I commend My spirit and all souls!"**

O my Jesus, I too abandon myself to You. Grant me the grace to die completely in your love and in your Will. I ask that You never permit me, either in life or in death, to go out of your Most Holy Will. In this moment [of your death on the Cross] I wish to offer reparation for all those who do not abandon themselves perfectly to your Most Holy Will and, therefore lose or diminish the precious fruits of your Redemption. O my Jesus, what sorrow grips your Heart in seeing so many souls flee from your arms, seeking to live only for themselves. Have pity on us all, O Jesus, and have pity on me.

I kiss your *head crowned with thorns,* and I ask your forgiveness for my many thoughts of pride, ambition and self- esteem. O Jesus, I promise You that every time a thought arises in me that is not entirely for You and I find myself on the verge of offending You, I will immediately cry out: "Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit."

O Jesus, I kiss your *beautiful eyes,* still wet with tears and covered with dried Blood, and I ask your forgiveness for all the times I have offended You with evil and immodest gazes. I promise You that every time my

eyes are led to look at mundane things, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred ears*, deafened by insults and horrible blasphemies up to your very last moments, and I ask your forgiveness for all the times I have listened to, or made others listen to conversations which distract us from You, and for all the evil conversations of others. I promise You that every time I find myself on the verge of hearing indiscreet conversations, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred face* that is pale, bruised and bleeding, and I ask your forgiveness for the many scorns, offenses and insults You receive from our sins, the most vile [acts] of creatures. I promise You that every time I have the temptation of not giving You all the glory, love and adoration You deserve, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred mouth*, dry and embittered. I ask your forgiveness for all the times I have offended You with evil conversations or words; for all the times I have contributed to your grief and increased your thirst. I promise You that whenever the thought comes to me of saying things that might offend You, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred neck*. I still see the marks of the chains and ropes that have oppressed You. I ask your forgiveness for the many bonds and attachments of souls, which formed the ropes and chains around your most sacred neck. I promise You that every time I feel disturbed by inordinate attachments, desires and affections, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred shoulders*, and ask your forgiveness for the many illicit pleasures and for the many sins committed with the five senses of our body. I promise You that every time I am on the verge of taking some pleasure or satisfaction that is not for your glory, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred chest*. I ask your forgiveness for all the insipidness, indifference, lukewarmness and horrendous ingratitude You receive from souls. I promise You that whenever my love for You grows cold, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred hands*. I ask your forgiveness for all the evil and vain works, and for many acts made evil by self-interest and self-esteem. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of not operating solely for your love, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred feet*. I ask your forgiveness for the many steps and paths taken without an upright intention and for the many souls who walk away from You to seek earthly pleasures. I promise You that whenever the thought comes to me of walking away from You, I will immediately cry out: "Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit."

O Jesus, I kiss your *Most Sacred Heart*, and I intend to enclose within it, along with my soul, all the souls whom You have redeemed, so that all may be saved and no one excluded... O Jesus, enclose me and lock me up within your Heart so that I may behold no one but You. I promise You that whenever the thought comes to me of wanting to go out of your Heart, I will immediately cry out: "Jesus and Mary, Into your hands I commend my heart and spirit."

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus is parched with thirst. Are we parched with thirst for Jesus? Do our thoughts and affections always have the purpose of quenching Jesus' ardent thirst? Unable to bear the thirst that consumes him, with a parched voice Jesus adds: "It is finished!" Jesus gave himself up completely for us. And do we strive in all things to be a continuous consummation of love for Jesus? Each thought, word and act led Jesus to his consummation. Do all of our thoughts, words and actions move us to be consumed for love of Jesus?

O Jesus, my sweet life, may your consumed breath always breathe in my poor heart so that I may receive the mark of your consummation.

On the Cross Jesus fulfills the Will of his Father in everything, and He breathes his last with a perfect act of abandonment in his Most Holy Will. Do we fulfill the Will of God in everything? Do we abandon ourselves perfectly to his Will without looking at whether it is advantageous for us or not, but are content to find ourselves abandoned in his most sacred arms? Is our dying to ourselves a continuous act of love for Jesus? Can we say that, although we live, we do not live, and that we are dead to everything in order that the life of Christ may come to life within us, or do we live for ourselves? Does everything we do, think, desire and love help actualize the life of Jesus within us, so

as to make our every thought, word, step and desire die completely in Jesus?

O my Jesus, may my death be a continuous death for love of You, and may each death I endure be a life I impart to all souls.

Twenty-third Hour

3 PM

Jesus is pierced with a soldier's lance and deposed from the Cross

O my Jesus, You have already died. Since I abide in your Heart, I begin to enjoy already the copious fruits of your Redemption. Even the most incredulous souls reverently bow before You while beating their breast – what they failed to do before your body while You were alive, they now do before your body while You are dead. All nature is shaken: the sun darkens, the earth quakes, [all] the elements are affected and, it seems, they partake in your most sorrowful death. The angels, enraptured with loving admiration, descend from heaven in the thousands to adore, acknowledge and confirm You as the true God... O my Jesus, I join my adoration to theirs, and I offer You my gratitude and all the love of this poor heart of mine.

But I see that your love is not satisfied. To give us a more convincing sign of your love, You allow a soldier to approach You and, with the thrust of a lance, pierce your Heart, causing the last drops of Blood and water still contained in your Heart to gush forth. O Jesus, will You not allow this lance also to wound my heart? Indeed You shall, as this is the lance that will wound my desires, my thoughts, my heartbeats and my will, and it will bequeath to

me your Will, your thoughts and your entire life of love and self-immolation.

Heart of my beloved Jesus pierced with a lance, I beseech You to purify all souls, to grant refuge to all hearts and rest to all the weary! From your pierced side You make your delightful spouse the Church emerge: In her are contained the Sacraments and the life of souls. And I, along with our Most Holy Mother whose Heart is bitterly wounded, make reparation for the offenses, the abuses and the profanations that are made against your Holy Church. By virtue of this wound and for the love of Mary, our sweetest mother, I entreat You to enclose all souls in your most beloved Heart, and to protect, defend and illuminate the pastors of your Church.

O my Jesus, after your most harrowing and sorrowful death, I do not believe I should be free to live my own life; rather I ought to rediscover my life in your wounded Heart. And all that which I must do, I shall always do by drawing grace from this Sacred Heart of yours... I will no longer give life to my own thoughts. And should my own thoughts demand life, I will draw such life from your thoughts. No longer will I give life to my own will. And should my own will demand life, I will draw such life from your Most Holy Will. No longer will I give life to my own love. And should my own love demand life, I will draw such love from your love... O my Jesus, your entire Will is mine; such is your Will and therefore it is also my will. O my Jesus, in this You offer us the last proof of your

love: Your Heart is pierced, and nothing more remains that You could possibly do for us.

And behold, they are already preparing to take You down from the Cross. So I, having fused myself completely in You, accompany your dear disciples[77] who have left their places to come here to remove the nails from your *most sacred feet*. And as I remove the nails from your feet with them, I beseech You to nail my entire being to You.

Jesus, after they have deposed You from the Cross, the first one to receive You onto her lap is your sorrowful mother, and within her arms your *pierced head* gently rests... O sweet mother, do not refuse my company, but grant that with you, I too may offer my beloved Jesus my last respects. My sweetest mother, it is true that in reverently touching my beloved Jesus You surpass me in love and gentleness, but I will strive to imitate You in the best possible way to please adorable Jesus in everything. Therefore, I desire to unite my adoration to your profound adoration and I entreat You to fuse my hands within your most blessed hands that I may extract the thorns that surround his head.

Heavenly Mother, your hands now approach the *eyes* of my beloved Jesus who once gave light to the whole world, but which are now closed and lifeless. You remove from his eyes the clotted Blood. O mother, I unite myself to you: With profound adoration, together let us kiss his eyes...

[77] By “disciples” Luisa intends Joseph of Aramathea and Nicodemus.

I now see the *ears* of my beloved Jesus drenched in Blood – swollen and bruised from the slaps, and lacerated from the thorns. O mother, let us fuse our adoration in Jesus' ears that can no longer hear and that suffered so much, as to beckon [to God] the many souls that are deaf to the voice of grace and that have become obstinate.

O sweet mother, I behold your sorrowful face covered with tears as you gaze upon the adorable *face* of Jesus. I unite my sorrow to yours: Together let us remove the mud and the spittle from his face that men have so disfigured, and let us adore this face of the Divine Majesty that enraptures heaven and earth, but which no longer gives any sign of life...

O sweet mother, together let us kiss his *mouth* – that divine mouth that attracted to his Heart so many souls with the gracefulness of his word. Mother, with your own mouth I desire to kiss these bloodied and bruised lips... I profoundly adore them.

O sweet mother, I wish to join you in kissing over and over again the adorable *body* of my beloved Jesus, completely reduced to one big gaping wound. I fuse my hands in your hands to restore those pieces of [tattered] flesh that hang from him... I profoundly adore him.

O sweet mother, let us kiss Jesus' creative *hands* that accomplished for us so many miracles, but that are now pierced through, contorted and already cold and rigid from death. Let us enclose within these most sacred

wounds the destiny of all souls so that Jesus, in resurrecting, may find them placed here by you [and me], and in this way, no soul shall be lost. O mother, in the name of all and on behalf of all, let us together adore these deep wounds of Jesus.

O Heavenly Mother, I see you approach poor Jesus' *feet* to kiss them... How heart-wrenching these wounds are! The nails have removed from his feet part of the skin and flesh... The weight of his most sacred body has horribly crushed them. Together let us kiss and adore Jesus' feet so that as souls walk, they may feel the footsteps of Jesus closely following them and may not dare to offend him.

O sweet mother, I see that you turn your gaze toward the Heart of adorable Jesus... What should we do within this Heart of his? You will teach me mother: You will bury me within this Heart and roll back the stone to enclose me within it; you will deposit my heart and my life in his Heart where I will remain hidden for eternity. Mother, grant me your love, so that I may truly love Jesus; grant me your sorrow, so that I may intercede for all souls and make reparation for all offenses that will be made against his Heart!

And while you are burying Jesus, remember O mother that with your own hands I want you to bury me along with him, so that I may resurrect with him and all that is his.

And now, I wish to tell you something my sweet mother. I enter into your profound sorrows and completely effuse this poor heart of mine in yours. I do so to reunite all the heartbeats, desires and lives of souls, and I bring them all to you transformed into acts of compassion and love. I enter into the extreme sorrow you endured in seeing Jesus dead, crowned with thorns and tortured with scourges and nails; on seeing those eyes that gaze at you no more, those ears that hear you no more, the mouth that speaks to you no more; on seeing those hands that embrace you no more, those feet that once never left your side and from afar always followed your footsteps... I wish to offer you Jesus' own Heart overflowing with love, the compassion you deserve and assuage your most bitter sorrows.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

After his death, Jesus wanted to be wounded with a lance for love of us. And do we let ourselves be wounded in everything for the love of Jesus, or do we rather let ourselves be wounded by the love of creatures, pleasures, and self-love? Also [interior] aridity and coldness, and interior and external humiliations are wounds that the Lord communicates to our souls. If we do not accept these from the hands of God, we then wound ourselves and our wounds increase our passions, our weakness, our self-love – in a word, the whole gamut of evils we experience. On the other hand, if we accept these as wounds given to us by the hand of Jesus, He will place his love, his virtues and his likeness in these very wounds of ours, which will make us worthy of his mystical kisses, his loving finesses and all the designs of his divine love. These wounds will be continuous voices that call upon him to compel him to dwell within us continuously.

O my Jesus, may your lance be my guard to defend me from the wounds of others.

Jesus allows himself to be deposed from the Cross into the arms of his mother. And do we deposit all of our fears, doubts and anxieties in the arms of our mother? Jesus rested on the lap of his mother who partook of his divine nature. Do we let Jesus rest on our lap by casting away our fears and worries?

Let us all pray: Sweet mother, with your maternal hands remove from my heart everything that keeps Jesus from taking up his rest in me.

Twenty-fourth Hour

4 PM

Jesus' burial and his Blessed Mother's sorrow

My sorrowful mother, I see that you dispose yourself for the final sacrifice of having to bury the lifeless body of your Son Jesus. Perfectly resigned to the Will of God, you accompany him and place him in the sepulcher with your own hands. You reverently arrange his arms and legs, and as you are about to offer him your last goodbye and last kiss, the sorrow your feel is so intense that you feel your Heart torn from your bosom. Love nails you to those arms and legs, and by virtue of your love and sorrow, your life is about to expire along with your lifeless Son. Poor mother, how shall you go on without Jesus? He is your life, your all. And yet, it is the Will of the Eternal One that wants it so. You are caught up between two insurmountable powers: Love and the Divine Will. Love nails you in such a way that you cannot detach yourself from Jesus; the Divine Will imposes itself by asking of you this sacrifice... Poor mother, how shall you go on? I unite myself with your sorrows! O please, angels of heaven, come to raise Mary from the stiffened limbs of Jesus, otherwise she will die!

But, what a surprise. While Mary seems to have died along with Jesus, I now hear her voice, trembling and interrupted with sobs, saying:

"O Son, O beloved Son, I will now be deprived of the only comfort I had and that assuaged my sorrows: Your most sacred humanity, over which I might pour myself out by adoring and kissing your wounds. Now this too is taken from me, and the Divine Will decrees it thus, and to this Most Holy Will I resign myself. But I wish You to know, my Son, that I am deprived of your most sacred humanity which I long to adore. The mere thought of having to separate myself from You robs me of my strength and life... Oh Son, as I make this sorrowful separation, please increase in me your [divine] strength and life; allow me to remain completely immersed in your [death and] burial – to possess [the continuation of] your of life [on earth] along with your sorrows, reparations and all that You possess. Oh, only an exchange of our lives will grant me such [divine] strength to make this sacrifice of detaching myself from You!"

My afflicted mother, I see you with complete resolve again reverently pass over Jesus' limbs. You place your head upon his and, kissing it, infuse your thoughts within his thoughts, assimilating yourself with his thorns [caused by] the afflicted and offensive thoughts [of others], and with everything He suffered in his most sacred head. Oh, how you long to restore Jesus' thoughts with your own and give your life for his! By fusing yourself in Jesus' thoughts and thorns, you begin to revive.

Sorrowful mother, I see you kiss the lifeless eyes of Jesus; I am crushed to see that Jesus no longer looks at you... How many times his gazes filled you with heavenly

joys and restored you from death to life, but now, not having him gaze upon you makes you suffer the pangs of death! So you fuse your eyes in Jesus' eyes, assimilating yourself with his eyes; you unite yourself with his tears and with the bitterness of the many insults, scorns and offenses He received from others...

But I see, my pierced mother, that you kiss his most sacred ears and you entreat him over and over again, saying: "My Son, how can it be that You no longer hear my voice – You, who were attentive to my every sigh? And here I am weeping and calling out to You... Can you not hear me? Oh, love is the cruelest tyrant! You meant more to me than my own life, and now I must endure [life without You in] such sorrow? O Son, I fuse my ears in yours to take upon myself what loved compelled You to endure in your most sacred ears, especially the echo of the offenses that resounded in them, as only the taking upon myself of your pains and your sorrows will sustain my life"...

And as you say this, the sorrow that grips your Heart is so intense that it leaves you speechless and motionless. My poor mother, my poor mother, I unite myself to your immense sorrow! How many bitter deaths you undergo! But the Divine Will, with its power, enables you to again move, whence you look at his most sacred face, you kiss it and exclaim:

"Adorable Son, how disfigured You are! You are so unrecognizable that if love did not move me to recognize You as my Son, my life and my all, I would no longer

recognize You! Your beauty has been transformed into deformity; your cheeks are swollen with welts. O beloved Son, the radiance and gracefulness of your face – so enrapturing that all who beheld You were left beatified – has assumed the pallor of death. My Son, they have reduced You to such a sorrowful state! Sin has so horribly disfigured your most sacred limbs! Oh, what would I, your inseparable mother, not give to restore to You your heavenly beauty!

I fuse my face in yours, my Son, and take upon myself the slaps, the spittle, the scorns and everything You have endured in your most sacred face. Oh, Son, if You want me to live, then grant me your sufferings, otherwise I shall die!"

Your sorrow is so great that it constricts your throat and stifles your voice, and you remain as though lifeless, pressed against the face of Jesus. Poor mother, I unite myself to your sorrow... Angels of mine, come and comfort my mother; her sorrow is great and so overwhelming that it leaves her speechless, without any strength or life. And the Divine Will, shattering through these waves of her sorrow, restores her to life.

You now approach the mouth of Jesus and, kissing it, you feel your lips embittered by the gall that so intensely embittered his mouth, whence you sobbingly utter: "My Son, share one last word with your mother; can it be that I will no longer hear your voice? All the [loving and sorrowful] words You shared with me in life were like

many arrows wounding my Heart with both love and sorrow. Now seeing you speechless, renews these arrows in my sorrowful Heart. Oh, these arrows cause me so many deaths; they cry out to You for one last word, but since You do not speak, they wound me more and say to me: *'He created in your soul as many heavens as there are words He spoke... You shall no longer hear his voice, nor enjoy the sweet accents and melodies of his creative word!* Oh, my paradise [on earth] is finished, as I shall henceforth experience only bitterness! Oh Son, I want to impart to You my tongue to revive your speech. Please, renew in me all that which You suffered in your most sacred mouth – the bitter gall, the ardent thirst [of your parched mouth], your reparations and your prayers. By virtue of these voices of your sufferings [renewed in me], my sorrow will be more tolerable, and I, your mother, through your sufferings will be able to go on living."

Sorrowful mother, I see that those who surround you want to close the sepulcher, so you hasten your step. Whence you quickly take Jesus' hands between yours and kiss them, you press them to your Heart and, fusing your hands in his, you fuse yourself in the very pains and wounds of his most sacred hands... You then pass over Jesus's feet, looking at the cruel furrows the nails have left in them. As you fuse your feet in Jesus' feet you fuse yourself in their furrows and you – in Jesus' place – [with his feet] run after sinners to snatch them from hell...

O grieving mother, I now see you give the last goodbye to Jesus' pierced Heart... Here you pause, as it is

the last blow of sorrow your motherly Heart will here receive. On account of your immense love and sorrow, your feel your Heart torn from your bosom. Of its own accord, your Heart makes it flight and immerses itself in the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. In seeing that you no longer possess your own Heart, you hasten to take possession of it from within Jesus' Most Sacred Heart, and you also take possession of Jesus' love that has been rejected by many souls, and of his many ardent desires that remained unfulfilled in souls on account of their ingratitude. Indeed, the sorrows and sufferings of your Son's Most Sacred Heart will keep you crucified [with him] for the rest of your life. You look at the gaping wound in his Heart and kiss it; you pass over it gently with your tongue, reverencing its precious Blood.[78] And feeling [from this act] the life of Jesus infused in you, you acquire the

[78] Luisa expresses Mary's reverencing Jesus' precious Blood with her tongue through the use of her simple Apulian grammar, i.e.,*"lambire"*. Unlike the Italian verb to lick *("leccare"),* the Italian verb *"lambire"* signifies an act one often does of gently placing one's mouth upon a burn or a wound to soothe it, as histatin, a small protein in saliva, is known to expedite the recovery and soothe the pain of wounds. Here, Mary's reverential act signifies her desire to restore the beauty of her Son, and conveys her keen awareness of the theological reality that the Blood contained in Eucharist instituted hours earlier and that bestows eternal life to those who receive it (Jn. 6:53-56) is, in substance, the same Precious Blood of Jesus' sacred body. Hannibal di Francia further illustrates this reality in his 12pm reflection: *"If we feel weak, we shall entreat Jesus to give us a sip of his Blood, whereby our souls may be strengthened".*

[divine] strength to fulfill your bitter separation.[79] Then you embrace him and allow the sepulchral stone to close him in.

My Sorrowful mother, as I weep I entreat you not to allow Jesus to be taken from our sight. Let me first enclose myself in him, so as to make his life my own. If you, who are immaculate, all holy and full of grace cannot live without Jesus, how much less can I, who am weak, wretched and full of sins? How can I live without Jesus? Sorrowful mother, do not leave me alone, but take me with you. Just as you fused yourself in Jesus, so fuse my entire being in him and empty me of everything, so that Jesus's entire being may be fused in me. Avail yourself of the maternal office Jesus had given you from the Cross: With your motherly Heart raise me up from my extreme unworthiness and, with your own hands, enclose my entire being in Jesus.

Enclose in my mind Jesus' thoughts, so that no other thought may enter into me; enclose in my eyes Jesus' eyes, so that He may never escape my gaze; enclose in my ears Jesus' ears, so that I may always listen to him and do his Most Holy Will in all things; enclose my face in Jesus' face, so that in looking at him so disfigured for love of me, I may love him, unite myself to his Passion and offer him reparation; enclose my tongue in Jesus' tongue, so that I may speak, pray and teach with Jesus' tongue; enclose my hands in Jesus' hands, so that each movement I make and

[79] Here Mary obtains the divine strength she had asked of her divine Son on p. 242.

each work I perform may derive their [merit and] life from Jesus' own works and acts. Enclose my feet in Jesus' feet, so that each one of my steps may infuse in other souls strength and zeal and dispose them for the life of salvation.

And now, my sorrowful mother, allow me to kiss Jesus' Heart and pass over it gently with my tongue, reverencing its precious Blood. May you enclose his Heart in mine so that I may live by his love, his desires and his sorrows... Lastly, extend to me Jesus' stiffened right hand so that He may impart to me his final blessing.

The stone closes the sepulcher. In your sorrow, you kiss it and, crying, give him your last goodbye, and you depart. But your sorrow is so great so that you remain there frozen as your blood runs cold... My sorrowful mother, with you I offer Jesus my goodbye and, crying, I remain at your side to offer you a word of comfort and a compassionate gaze for your every sigh, grief and sorrow. I will gather your tears and, if I see that you are about to faint, I will hold you in my arms.

But I see that you are forced to return to Jerusalem along the path from which you came... After only a few steps, you find yourself once again before the Cross on which Jesus suffered so much and died. You run to embrace it and, in seeing it covered with his Blood, there are renewed in your Heart each and every one of the sufferings he endured on it. Unable to contain your sorrow, you exclaim:

"O Cross, how could you be so cruel to my Son? Oh, you have spared him nothing! What wrong has He done to you? You did not let his sorrowful mother give him so much as one sip of water when He had asked for it. To his parched mouth you offered gall and vinegar! I felt my sorrowful Heart bleed, as I longed to offer to his lips [the love of] my Heart, but I received instead the sorrow of seeing myself rejected... O Cross, you are indeed cruel, and yet you are holy, for by your contact with my Son you have become divinized and sanctified! May the cruelty you have shown him be changed into compassion for sinful mankind. For the sake of the sorrows He endured on you, may the sufferings you impart to souls infuse in them grace and strength, so that through the very tribulations and crosses they experience, [all may be saved and] no one may be lost. Souls cost me so much – they cost me the life of the Son God – and as Co-redemptrix and Mother, I bind them to you, O Cross." And after kissing the Cross over and over again, you leave...

[80]*Poor mother, I unite myself with your sorrow! At each step you take, memories and new sorrows arise in you that increase in intensity and bitterness – they inundate and overwhelm you, and you feel a new death with each passing moment...* You are now at the place where you met Jesus this morning – where you saw him exhausted under the enormous weight of his Cross, with Blood streaming down him and on his head a bundled array of thorns, which, banging against the Cross, penetrated into his head deeper

[80] The text in *italics* is not found in the original Italian 5th edition.

and deeper, giving him the pains of death with each blow. Jesus looked into your eyes, and as you gazed at each other, you looked upon one another with compassion. And the soldiers, not allowing you the comfort of meeting each other, shoved him and made him fall, thereby forcing him to shed new Blood. You see the ground soaked with his Blood and to reverence it you immediately lower yourself to the ground and, as you kiss his Blood, I hear you say: "Come my angels and watch over this Blood. Do not allow one drop of this Blood to be trampled on and profaned."

Sorrowful mother, allow me to give you my hand to help you up, as I see you faint[81] over the Blood of Jesus. As you stand and continue to walk, you discover everywhere traces of Jesus' Blood and you recall his sorrows, whereby you hasten your step and arrive at the cenacle, where you enclose yourself. I too enclose myself in the cenacle – the cenacle of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, from whence I approach you to keep you company in this hour of bitter desolation. My heart cannot bear to leave you alone in so much sorrow.

But what a harrowing blow my heart receives in seeing Jesus' thorns that you have taken upon yourself penetrating your head with each graceful movement of your head; the piercings of all of our sins of thought penetrate into your very eyes, making you shed tears of blood.[82] As

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[81] Cf. footnote 34, p. 10 re. the Italian word for "faint" (*"svenire"*).

[82] That the sins of thought continue to cause Mary to weep tears of blood is evident in the modern-day Marian statues that continue to weep blood.

you weep blood, you bear Jesus' vision in your eyes, whereby you behold all the sins of mankind. Oh, how they embitter You! Since you bear all of Jesus' sorrows in your Heart, you keenly understand all that which Jesus had suffered! And one pain is followed by yet another... As you attune your ears, the echo of the voices of sinful souls deafens you. Each offensive and discordant voice reaches your Heart and pierces it, whence you say: "Son, how much you have suffered!"

O Sorrowful Mother, I unite myself with you in your bitter sorrow! Allow me to dry your face wet with tears of blood. But I shudder in seeing your blessed face now [– united to Jesus' face –] covered with welts, unrecognizable and pale with a deathly pallor... I realize that your appearance is the result of having taken upon yourself the offenses directed against Jesus. You experience his sufferings so keenly that as you move your lips in prayer and emit sighs within your enflamed bosom, you feel your lips parched with Jesus' thirst and your breath embittered with his embittered breath.... Sorrowful mother, I unite myself with you in your sorrow, and your sorrows continue to increase! As I take your hands in mine, I see them pierced with nails. I immediately realize that it is in your hands that you feel all the sorrow, murders, betrayals, sacrileges and evil works [that Jesus had taken upon himself], but that are now repeated in you with the [same] blows [inflicted upon him], thereby widening [Jesus'] wounds [relived in you] and embittering them more and more. I completely unite myself to your sorrow! You are

the true crucified mother. Why, not even your feet are spared Jesus' nails! What is more, not only do you feel these nails piercing your feet, but they are rent open from the many iniquitous steps of souls who go to hell. And you run after them so that they may not fall into the infernal flames.

But this is not all, crucified mother. All of your sorrows, united to those of Jesus, create an echo in your Heart and pierce it, not with seven swords, but with thousands and thousands of swords. What is more, since you have come to possess the Divine Heart of Jesus within you that contains all hearts, and whose heartbeat encloses the heartbeats of all, it beats in you and says: **"Souls! Love!"** And from this heartbeat that says, **"Souls!",** you feel all sins flow in your heartbeat, and you feel yourself die; in the heartbeat that says, "**Love!"**, you feel life restored to you. Thus you alternate continuously between death and life.

Crucified mother, as I look at you, I share in your sorrows – how unspeakable they truly are. I long to convert my being into many tongues and voices that offer you compassion; but in the face of the intensity of your sorrow, the offering of my compassion appears as nothing. Therefore I call upon the angels, the Most Holy Trinity itself, and I implore them to place their joys, harmony and beauty around you to comfort you and assuage your intense sorrows, to sustain you in their arms and to requite all of your sorrows with love.

O sorrowful mother, I now wish to thank you in the name of all for everything you have endured for us. I ask you, for the sake of your bitter sorrow to come to my assistance at the moment of my death. When I find myself alone and abandoned by all, among a thousand anxieties and fears, come then to requite me for the many times in life that I have kept you company. Come to my assistance, place yourself beside me and put the enemy to flight. Wash my soul with your tears, cover me with the precious Blood of Jesus; clothe me with his merits, embellish me, and heal me with your sorrows, along with all of Jesus' sorrows and works. By virtue of these, make all of my sins disappear and grant me complete forgiveness. And as I breathe my last, receive me into your arms, place me under your mantle, hide me from the enemy's gaze, take me straight to heaven and place me in the arms of Jesus. Let us make this agreement, my dear mother!

And now, I beseech you to requite the company I have kept you by being present to all those who are in agony. Be a mother to them all, as these are extreme moments and they are in need of great assistance; do not deny your maternal office to any one of them.

Let me say one last word as I leave. I beseech you to enclose me in the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Watch over me sorrowful mother. Keep me always enclosed in the Divine Heart of Jesus so that I may never leave it, even if I should choose to. O mother, with this prayer I kiss your hand and ask for your maternal blessing.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus is buried. A stone seals him and prevents his mother from looking at her Son any longer. And do we hide from the gazes of others? Are we unaffected when all others forget about us? In holy things, do we remain indifferent with that holy indifference which makes us always obey God's Will [over that of men]? In Jesus' total abandonment, do we conquer everything with holy indifference which continuously leads us to him? And do we form with our constancy a sweet chain, so as to draw him toward us? Is our gaze immersed in Jesus' gaze, such that when we look, we see only that which Jesus desires? Is our voice immersed in Jesus' voice, such that when we wish to speak, we only speak with Jesus' tongue? Are our steps immersed in Jesus' steps, such that when we walk we leave only the impressions of Jesus' footsteps in our wake? And is our heart immersed in Jesus' Sacred Heart to love and desire as his Heart loves and desires?

My dear mother, when Jesus hides from me for the good of my soul, grant me the grace you had when you were deprived of Jesus, so that I may give him all the glory you gave him, especially when He was placed in the sepulcher.

O Jesus, I want to pray to You with your voice. And just as your voice pierced the heavens and resounded in the voices of all, in the same way, honouring your voice, may

my voice pierce the heavens to give You the love and the glory of your own word.

O my Jesus, though my heart continues to beat, I am unsatisfied until You let my heart beat as one with yours. For only with your heartbeat will I love as You love. I shall give You the love of all souls so that one may be the cry of all: “Love, love...!” O my Jesus, allow yourself the honour of impressing upon everything I do the seal of your own power, love and glory.

Nos cum prole pia, benedicat Virgo Maria